

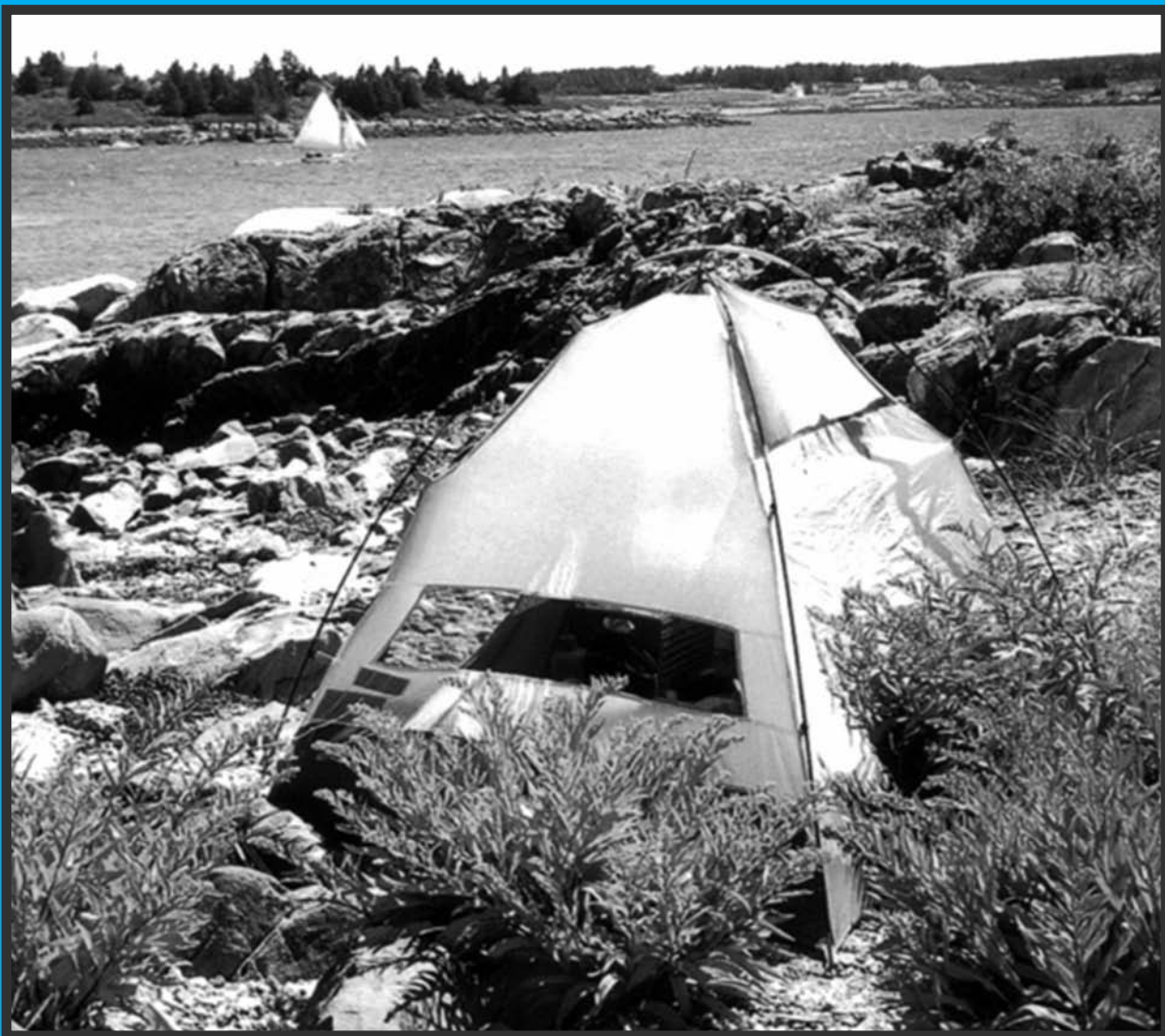


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 28 – Number 8

December 2010

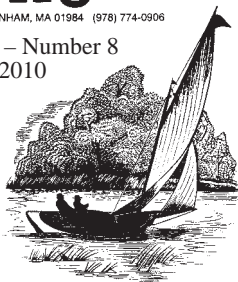
Special Features This Issue
“Messing About on Muscongus Bay, Maine”
“12 Days Down East and Back in *Sea Harmony*”
“A Good Buy on a Dead Cat — Sailboats We Love”
“The Rise of the MicroBoat — A Hull of an Experiment”



messing about in BOATS

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



This December issue completes a second year of publishing after the economic collapse of late 2008 and we seem to be "weathering the storm." Yes, our income and circulation is down, but not catastrophically so, as happened to publications more dependent on lots of advertising. Our dependency on subscription income held up pretty well, renewals continue strong at 80% or better monthly so you collectively must be enjoying what we send to you.

The ongoing weak link is the attracting of new subscribers to replace the 20% or so we lose each year. I've discussed this before and am bringing it up again now with the upcoming holiday gift giving season impending. This time of the year is typically a boost to our circulation as readers solve some of their gift questions by giving subscriptions to relatives and friends who might find the magazine of interest. The facing page is our annual solicitation form for such gifts.

Those of you who already participate in this circulation building program will have already received the gift renewal forms and we do hope that you will carry on with your support. Thank you. My discussion here is aimed at those of you who are true believers (apparent from your emails, letters, and calls) to encourage you to order a gift subscription (or more if you feel affluent and have the prospective readers on your gift lists). You are our best salespeople, we get more new subscribers from your referrals than from the vaunted internet via our website and through the online magazine Duckworks (who have been major help to us in gaining what new readers we do attract).

It's not that the internet is ineffective, we apparently get many, many "hits" according to our provider. It's just that precious few of them follow up even with a request for a free introductory copy. What we present on the website just doesn't find amongst those "hits" people who might like the magazine. We are who we are and hardly mainstream in the boating periodical world, so this is no surprise to us, nor is it disappointing. Our readership does appear to share a unique outlook on messing about in boats, one also far

removed from mainstream boating. Finding more of you so far outside that mainstream is not quite a needle in a haystack situation, but is not far from it.

The importance of building circulation (or even just maintaining it) is that old matter of the economy of scale. When circulation drops too low the unit costs go up to a point that is no longer affordable. Thankfully inflation has been pretty much non-existent in recent years so printing costs have remained stable. But we live in unhappy anticipation of another postal rate increase for our sort of bulk mail. The last one was over 30% and was what prompted me to go to monthly to save on postage. We've not heard yet of one pending but quite often they come down around the beginning of a new year when the Postal Service announces that it is still losing big money.

Right now circulation is hovering just under 3,000. That's sufficient to keep on with the 60 pagers but we'd feel better if it could be built back up over time instead of continuing to slowly slip downward. I'd much rather obtain the necessary income from finding more readers to enjoy the magazine than from asking all of you to pay more for it.

It has occurred to me that some of you might find giving gift three-issue trial subscriptions at \$8 each would be a more affordable possibility and would reach more potential subscribers when, after three issues, it's time for them to renew for full years on their own. If this is true, please go ahead and order these gift trial subscriptions at \$8 each. We still send each a gift announcement card.

If you're like us you get lots of "annual appeals" this time of year from all sorts of charitable organizations. We've already paid a membership fee because we support their objectives and now here they are back asking for more. *MAIB* isn't a charity, it's still a "livelihood," so our "annual appeal" is to you to help us rebuild readership with gift subscription orders, ultimately spreading around the costs for continuing to bring you enjoyable and informative reading about messing about in boats when those so gifted come to renew on their own.

On the Cover...

Reinhard Zollitsch is off again! Earlier this year he announced he was foregoing ocean coastal paddling adventures in favor of inland bodies of water, and reported on his circumnavigation of New York's/Vermont's Lake Champlain. But now here he is back on the coast again, in this issue his report on a circumnavigation of Maine's Muscongus Bay.

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the order forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$32 (U.S. only) for each gift subscription order. If you prefer to pay by credit card, you may do so through www.duckworksmagazine.com for \$36.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 17, 2010. If you wish, we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

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You write to us about...

Adventures & Experiences...

One More Autumn Sail

While there are so many great days on the Essex (Massachusetts) River in the fall, we could not resist one more autumn sail aboard the great Pinky *Maine*. Harold, Laurie, Michael March, and Chuck Redman dropped what we were doing on a weekday afternoon and sailed down to Farnhams for fried clams. We had some young charges hold onto the bowline while Harold skirted along the bowsprit, jumped ashore, and ran in to order clams. As he came out, he decided a cold beer would go well with the clams so he asked a lady for a ride to the package store and came back just in time to grab the hot fried clams and jump back on board. The four of us sailed away, eating clams, yet we did not realize what a lovely spectacle the *Maine* was showing us until Michael snapped this picture. Thank you, Michael and Pinky *Maine* for such a graceful sail down the creek.

One fun fact to note is that the original *Maine* (this is a replica built in the 1980s) was actually built right here along Farnhams' creek, so this boat just seems to fit right here for all time.

Burnham's Boat Yard, Essex, MA



Information of Interest...

Across the Savage Sea

I would like to recommend a book of note. It was prompted by your printing "Hermes, Part 2" in the October issue. The book is *Across the Savage Sea* by Maud Fontenoy. In it she describes the experience of rowing across the Atlantic via a northern route, similar to the path taken by the owner of Hermes, except for the start.

As it is a first person description of the conditions met and the weather experiences and decisions she made, it makes excellent reading for those interested in the experience. My congratulations to her on the ability, determination, and luck that made the completion possible. If there are others interested in the actual undertaking of this escapade, there is a wealth of information about what worked and what went wrong in the book. It is noted that almost half of the previous undertakings resulted in failure, and that she was the first woman to accomplish the feat. Since then (2003) she has continued rowing in the Pacific with a successful crossing to French Polynesia (Hiva Oa). One may learn more from the Web site at www.maudfontenoy.com.

Jon Bahrt

Information Wanted...

Tech Question for Hugh

I enjoy reading "Beyond the Horizon" and respect Hugh Ware's expertise. However, I must question one of his items in the October 2010 issue.

He refers to the Japanese VLCC *M Star* as being loaded with one million tons of crude oil. I haven't kept track of the displacements of recently built VLCCs, but a million tons would seem to be almost twice as big as any crude carrier built to date. Could he have meant a million barrels?

Bob Austin, Williamsburg, VA

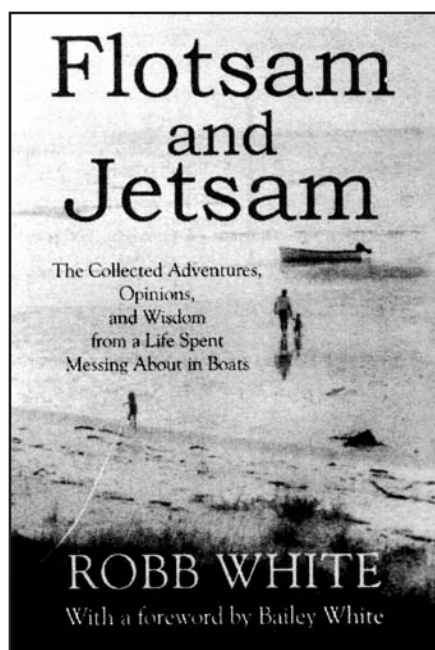
Opinions...

Robb White's Articles

Could someone sort Robb White's articles by subject and print them? Your readership is very interested in them. Publishing has never been easier. His book *How to Build a Tin Boat* could either be left out or included as in *The Complete Works of Robb White*. I would do the sorting but I'm too far away. You are too busy. Could one of your Massachusetts or New Hampshire readers do this? Proceeds, if any, I suppose would go to Robb's family. Perhaps a family member would do the sorting. No need to edit, his ramblings are as interesting as his subjects.

Jim Wonnell, Merritt Island, FL

Editor Comments: Jim's suggested approach has already been accomplished. *Flotsam and Jetsam*, 568 pages of Robb's articles, is available for \$19.95 from Breakaway Books, PO Box 24, Halcottville, NY 12438. It would be a great gift item for a small boat friend who has yet to read it.



Why Used Sailboats Are Cheap

We bought a San Juan 21 a while back for \$2,000 complete with three sets of sails, a motor, trailer, and lots of gear. What a deal. The trouble was that all of the interior bulkheads were broken loose from the hull, centerboard case was cracked, and other structural problems. It was no problem for me to fix but would be a major problem for most others. I fixed it and it was a great boat and later sold it for \$3,000 to a man who knew he was getting a good boat. The moral: never buy an old used boat unless you're a professional boat builder or got it from one.

David Lucas, Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club, Cortez, FL

Pry Us Out of Massachusetts

I just finished re-reading the "Camping Out" story from the July issue, it's just too perfect (grin). I also want to tell you how much I look forward to each every issue. I start first with Hugh Ware (who doesn't?) and am still missing Robb White. I don't know if it's just me but the publication seemed to change a bit after Robb's passing... maybe a small list to starboard or something, but certainly not in a bad sense as I am enjoying *MAIB* more than ever.

Speaking of Robb, I have bought 14 copies so far of Robb's book *Flotsam and Jetsam*. Only a few left now as I give them to people I meet who seem to have that same "spark" that Robb carried. Please give the book some more time in your pages as it is something that is very special to all of us.

Summer wound up early here in the Pacific Northwest, however the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival was mostly sunny and excellent, as usual. You need to get out to Puget Sound someday during the festival as you apparently have many followers out here. Maybe the readers out here can donate towards travel expenses and I'll throw in a crowbar to pry you out of Massachusetts.

Another happy subscriber,
Steve Date, Seattle, WA

This Magazine...

Only Just Found Out About MAIB

I thoroughly enjoy *MAIB* every month. It's something to look forward to at the end of a long work day when there is not enough light left to get my homemade skiff into the water or when it gets too cold to row. I cannot believe I only just found out about *MAIB* after messing about in boats for over 45 years. Can't wait for the next issue now that the skiff is under cover for the winter.

David Flaherty, Milton, MA

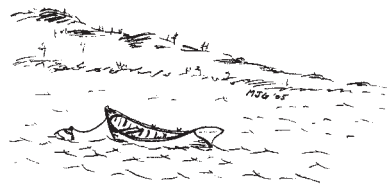
Geographical Spread

The October issue was first rate. Going monthly was really a good thing to do. The geographical spread was impressive: England, New England, New York, Midwest, and San Diego. "Frank Dye the Plowman Family and Wayfarer Dinghies" was especially enjoyable, plus your definition of adventure in your "Commentary" was spot on.

Jim Barnhill, Raleigh, NC

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)



To Cuttyhunk – Part 3

I row back to the dinghy dock this morning. I first emptied my 5-gallon bag and 1-gallon jug into my water tank and took them with me to fill. When I get ashore, I leave them in the dinghy and take a stroll about the drowsy village.

From a side turning that smells of ripening apples, I emerge onto a stretch of road fronting the beach. A hedge of beach roses is laden with huge scarlet hips and occasional shocking pink blossoms. On the inland side, cottages stand two or three deep with narrow lanes among them. Most residents utilize golf carts. At ten miles per hour in an open vehicle, you see and hear and smell everything. Stopping to talk to your neighbor is expected; exploring byways a pleasure. The parking lot by the pier is a favorite meeting place for the carting crowd; another is the market.

Carts are easily parked along the verge. A chain across the stone gateway prevents the early crowd from taking over the little porch of the market. A small, hand lettered sign proclaims: "September hours: 8-1 and 4-5." By next month, the hours will be reduced to 4-5. People gather and gossip outside the wall. A young woman emerges from the neighboring house, unlocks the market, turns on the red ship's light beside the door, and disappears within. A marketer takes down the chain and we file up the path.

There are bushel baskets of produce down one angle of the porch, a bench on the other. Notices pinned to the walls flap in the breeze of the door. Every square foot of space within is busy. The eight of us can scarcely avoid one another. Staples and gourmet foods, snacks and household necessities crowd the shelves. I can buy a can of motor oil, a jar of capers, fresh tomatoes, whole-grain bread. Everything has an exaggerated price. This is the cost to live on a tiny, pristine island. No one complains. I purchase a bottle of water to have the plastic bottle. I thoughtlessly brought a glass bottle and it crashes about the cockpit as I sail. It's time I mounted a cup holder in my cockpit.

"Is the post office open?" I ask the girl at the counter. "Not until after 11," she informs me. That's when the ferry brings the postmistress over. The post office, just up the hill, is so small that I consider taking it with me, but the harbormaster might catch me when I load it into the Whitehall.

The library, just one size larger, keeps even scantier hours. The school next door has two small girls enrolled. The small white Methodist church proclaims that it's been in business 125 years. A couple of the citizens I've encountered here made up that first congregation.

I descend to the four corners, below the market. The door of the gift shop stands open and a woman sets out displays on the chest high porch. I can smell fresh coffee before I reach the steps. "Almost everything is on sale," she informs me. Summer is fleeting. I find a card made from a watercolor: "Capicut Neck in Spring Fog." "Oh," says the woman as she takes my money, "my cousin Laura painted that. I see that view from my kitchen."

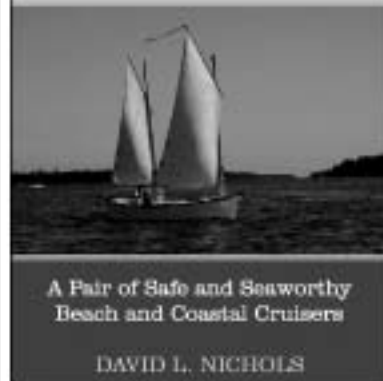
I stroll the two hundred yards to the piers and fill my water jugs. Then I look in at the lobster pound in search of a block of ice. Neither the proprietor nor the cat which there isn't room to swing is there. But the lobster boat lies alongside the pier and an older fellow with an ear-ring stacks scrubbed pots on deck. "I can sell you some ice," he says, "providin' you got the right change. They don't keep any money here." I have the right change. He stuffs my money into a drawer and hands me a block of ice. "Should keep pretty well," he says, "if today doesn't get too hot."

The temperature is rocketing toward 70° as I load my plunder into the Whitehall and pull away from the pier. It's already crowding 10 o'clock and I plan to sail to Hadley Harbor in Woods Hole passage, fifteen miles away.

I stow the ice in my chest, restow my food, secure the cabin. The open companionway briefly frames a graceful 50' cutter departing the harbor. After it passes, the companionway frames the pier where I purchased my ice; the lobster boat; the village gently ascending; the crown of the hill.

I start my motor, put the Whitehall on her tether astern, put on my life vest. Boats come and go; another island beckons. I cast off the mooring pennant, and quickly return to the helm to guide *MoonWind* among her moored neighbors. I'm underway.

BUILDING THE SEA EAGLES



NEW! The Sea Eagles are two original beach-cruising sailboat designs from David L. Nichols—one 16½ feet and the other 14½ feet. The book includes full plans for building them and thorough, meticulous instructions with hundreds of color photos.
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Traditional Small Craft Association
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Des Pawson, the well-known English ropework specialist, has written and edited an ongoing series of monographs published so that, as he puts it, "information on subjects rarely seen or written about can be more widely circulated." There are eight monographs in the series thus far. In summary, they are a very interesting and informative series of pamphlets sure to be of interest to sailmakers, traditional boat builders, riggers, tool collectors, museum specialists, model makers, and general students of maritime history.

Mr Pawson and his wife, Liz, are the proprietors of the privately run Museum of Knots and Sailor's Ropework at 501 Wherstead Rd, Ipswich, IP2 8LL, England, (www.despawson.com/Museum) and can be reached at des@despawson.com.

"We believe," they state in Monograph #7 (*Sailors Rope Mats*), "that the world should recognize the art and the skill of sailor's knots and sailor's ropework. With the addition of an admiration for the skill and art of the sailmaker, these monographs are one of their ways of achieving that goal.

Des Pawson is one of the world's leading authorities on knots, sailor's ropework, and sailmaking equipment. A researcher and historian on the subject, he is the author of many books and papers. He also gives demonstrations and talks on the subject. In addition, Mr Pawson runs a successful business, Footrope Knots, with wife Liz. Footrope Knots sells a wide variety of handmade knotted items crafted by the Pawsons, as well as the books, tools, and materials for those wishing to create their own knotted items.

"Rope and knots are my life and have been since I was a boy," Mr Pawson says on his website. "I make things in rope, I write about knots, I teach, talk, and research knots and ropework. I collect books on knots and practical rope seamanship, old sailors' ropework, and the tools of the rope and canvas working trades. Rope inspires me."

I was fortunate to meet Des Pawson at the 2010 Annual Meeting of the Early American Industries Association (EAIA, www.eaia.org) at Mystic Seaport this past spring, and in talking to he and Liz about their interests, learned about the monographs.

The subjects of the monographs are aptly and concisely described by their titles. They are, in order:

#1 Sailmaker's Seam Rubbers

#2 Some Notes on the Rogues Yarn

#3 Sailmaker's Needles

#4 Marline Spikes, Fids, and Other Related Tools

#5 Observations on Sails, Sailcloth, and Sailmaking

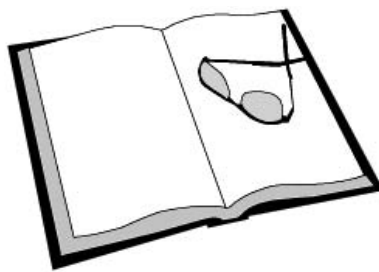
#6 Sailmaker's Bench Hooks

#7 Sailor's Rope Mats

#8 Sailmaker's Palms

These pamphlets are well done. I was impressed with the author's ability to concisely address the topic, the quantity and quality of the illustrations in general (many of which are in color) and in the author's attention to and acknowledgement of the sources used. The monographs, in my opinion, admirably live up to their intent to both disseminate information about the less known aspects of their subjects as well as to solicit information from others.

Sailmaker's Seam Rubbers, the subject of the first pamphlet, are used by sailmakers to "fold, rub down, or flatten and smooth seams" in sailcloth and canvas. This monograph, published in 2003, is quite short but



Book Reviews

Monographs Published by the Museum of Knots and Sailor's Ropework

Footrope Knots, 501 Wherstead Rd
Ipswich, IP2 8LL, England

Reviewed by Pete Leenhouts

well illustrated. Perhaps an update could include measured drawings and photographs of these often craftsman made tools.

The Rogues Yarn, Monograph #2, it turns out, is yarn woven into a rope so that the user could distinguish both the source and quality of the rope to deter rogues, in other words, from passing off inferior rope. It was widely used, being the subject of various Acts of Parliament, and each rope manufacturing company in England had its own authorized color scheme. This monograph is very well illustrated and referenced.

#3, *Sailmaker's Needles*, is well illustrated and includes an interesting history of these essential tools as well as a list of sailmakers needle manufacturers. I think a paragraph or two on how such needles were manufactured would be of interest to the reader.

Marline Spikes, Fids, and Other Related Tools, Monograph #4, is profusely illustrated and referenced. (Fids, of course, are solid wooden tapered cones as described here, and marline spikes are metal, fids being additionally made of whalebone, animal bone, horn, or, more recently, nylon). The antecedents of the terms are described and the many variants of these essential sailor's tools are shown and described, as are the manner in which they're worn.

Monograph #5, *Observations on Sails, Sailcloth, and Sailmaking*, is a reprint of a pamphlet issued in 1852 by Englishman Matthew Orr and a lecture by the well-known English sailmaker Thomas W. Ratsey in 1924. Here Des Pawson provides a nice introduction to the two men and their craft, then steps aside to let them speak for themselves. We know a great deal about ships and ship building in contrast to how such vessels were powered, and this monograph goes a long way towards providing the student such information from two important primary sources.

Sailmaker's Bench Hooks, Monograph #6, addresses these important but little known tools. The iron hook was tied to the sailmaker's bench and used to hook one part of the sail being made. "In effect, it acted as a third hand," writes Mr. Pawson, "or a vise."

Monograph #7, *Sailors' Rope Mats*, at 72 pages, is the longest of the eight monographs published to date. From Mr Pawson's website, "this book, the fruit of over 15 years of research, (was) published to coincide with the exhibition 'Scheepsmatten, oud touw en tij d bij de vleet' (Ships Mats, Old Rope, and Plenty of Time) held at the The Nationaal Vlechtmuseum, Noordwolde (National Basket Museum), The Netherlands. It covers the history and background of mat making, together with hints, tips, and ideas on various methods of making mats, from sewn and sennit mats, to mats with knitted panels, hitched Appledore mats and mats with stitched yarns on canvas."

It is exceptionally well written and illustrated and is the monograph that first caught my eye. "Old rope and plenty of time" is precisely what's needed to make such mats, that and a fair amount of patience. I was reminded of this monograph during a recent tour of the Wooden Boat Festival hosted in Seattle by the Center for Wooden Boats (www.cwb.org), where a variety of such mats could be seen unobtrusively performing their duty on boats large and small alike.

While Mr Pawson's book *Des Pawson's Knot Craft* (Paradise Cay Publications, 2003, 2nd edition, 2010) does address five mats among its 35 rope work projects (this book will be reviewed separately), I would very much like to see Monograph #7 expanded into a full length book on the subject, to include Mr. Pawson's directions and comments on a variety of such projects of varying difficulties and from a range of different nationalities and sources (both military and civilian).

Sailmaker's Palms, the last in the monograph series to date, addresses the "quintessential tool of the sailmaker," as Mr Pawson puts it, used to push the heavy sailmaker's needle through the layers of canvas used in making a sail. This monograph is, in my opinion, exceptionally well written and useful; not only does the author do his usual thorough job of summarizing, illustrating, and referencing these tools, he includes a list of known palm makers as well as a set of loose plates showing how various styles of palms are made and assembled.

Since I cannot claim any expertise even remotely comparable to Mr Pawson's in the line of ropework, sailmaking, the sailor's arts or their tools (and his expertise is both exceptionally wide and deep having been acquired over the past 50 years), it is welcome indeed to find the depth of information in the monographs.

And, judging by a recent article in *The Journal of Nautical Archeology* (March 2010) "Knowing the Ropes: The Need to Record Ropes and Rigging on Wreck-Sites and Some Techniques for Doing So" by Damien Sanders, it is apparent that others such as nautical archeologists may well also benefit from the monographs.

There are other sources for this material, that's certainly true, but it's just that they're few and far between. Significantly, the topics that Mr Pawson addresses in his series are usually presented in passing in such books.

Raoul Graumont's book *Encyclopedia of Knots and Fancy Rope Work*, first published in 1939 (mine is the 4th edition of 1964) doesn't address sailor's or sailmaker's tools, though mats are one of the many subjects covered.

Clifford W. Ashley, in his work *The Ashley Book of Knots*, first published in 1944, does address sailor's and some sailmaker's tools, illustrates his text with some wonderful

drawings of the same, and presents an entire chapter on mats.

Likewise, while a quick perusal of my copies of Emiliano Marino's *The Sailmaker's Apprentice* and Brion Toss' *The Complete Rigger's Apprentice* does reflect their illustrating some of the tools and their uses addressed in Mr Pawson's monographs, their works necessarily do not delve into the history of the tools, the illustrations are generally not as comprehensive, nor are the tool specific references as thorough.

Additionally, I found it quite interesting that the comprehensive *Masting and Rigging of English Ships of War* by Lees, which contains a very long and detailed section on sails, does not seem to include any information on just how the sails were made nor what tools were used to make them, though Brian Lavery's book *Building the Wooden Walls*, does discuss rope making and sail making in a few paragraphs.

Since these books are, of course, oriented differently, these differences are certainly not intended as critical comments but serve to underscore the unique nature of Mr Pawson's work. His pamphlets, I believe, complement such books quite effectively for they comprehensively address their subjects, and present information on subjects "rarely seen or written about."

All in all, for these reasons, I found the entire series of monographs most interesting. They're well written and illustrated, and the quality and quantity of the references are quite remarkable. Perhaps future work could include a monograph on rope and line, sailmaker's benches, sailmaker's knives, serving boards and mallets, and the sailor's methods of carrying knives and spikes, among other subjects. I'd suggest measured drawings or, at the least, pictures of the tools with a ruler aligned with the tool so illustrated would be of significant value to the maritime student or budding craftsman. These suggestions are offered cautiously for no doubt there are other titles forthcoming in the series, one can hope!

I got the distinct feeling that Mr Pawson is genuinely interested in the contributions of others to his monographs addressing these tools and the crafts. Certainly *MAIB* readers could productively contribute to these volumes. For those interested in the arts of the sailor and tools of the sailmaker, I think it is well worth your time to search out these slim pamphlets to add to your library. I certainly hope to see future updates to this most interesting body of work.

Seamanship

A Voyage Along the Wild Coasts of the British Isles

By Adam Nicolson
Harper Collins, 2004, New York, NY

Reviewed by McCabe Coolidge

Sitting at his desk, writing an essay for yet another book, Nicolson gazes out his window at the old rock wall and the green rolling hills surrounding the grounds of the ancient English castle where he and his family dwell. He twists and turns, his chair becoming more uncomfortable. His mind is on the sea, miles and miles west from the safety of his book-laden den.

Weeks go by as he imagines himself heading offshore in a sailboat, going west and then north up the coast of Ireland. His thoughts turn from the voyage to what kind of sailboat would be the proper vessel for a sea journey. Spring turns to summer. He has not spoken to his wife Sarah or his two children about his fantasy. No one knows how many hours he has spent in his study focused on throwing off the lines, heading out to sea...

Finally one evening he broaches the subject to Sarah.

"The sea?" She questions.

Nicolson jumps in and quickly tells her about the western shores, the wild places, entering into a more mystical world by sailing beyond the sight of shore!

"I'll leave in March and be back by October!"

Looking away from his face, she quietly says, "If that is what you need to do, that is what you need to do. But you have to make sure we are all right before you go. I don't want you to go, but I can't stop you."

With the determination of someone who desires to live before he dies, Nicolson searches out magazines advertising sailboats. Forsaking his den, he walks the docks searching for the right boat. Overwhelmed, he telephones a friend, George, who has sailed every kind of boat across several oceans.

"You've got to help me find the right boat!" pleads Adam.

George agrees to help. After months of searching, George calls Nicolson. "I've found her," he whispers.

"Why are you whispering, George?"

"I've crept aboard. I'm sitting below. This is the boat!"

The *Auk*. A Colin Archer design, 40' of larch on oak, round stern with four sails built in 1990 as a training vessel for young sailors. And she needs a lot of work. A lot of time. A lot of money. George supervises the work while Adam tries to continue his vocation as a writer back home.

Months later, taking her down the English Channel, they head offshore in a Force 9 gale and quickly discover that their electrical system has broken down. No instruments, no autohelm, no compass light. They continue on, rolling with the great waves.

An auk, by the way, is a bird of the ocean, round body, stumpy wings, and is in the family of puffins, guillemots, and razorbills. Not fast nor elegant but steady all the way. The crew of two makes it to a safe harbor 250 miles away. They found their sea legs.

Along the way, British television has heard about Nicolson's voyage and catch up with the crew halfway up the coast of Ireland. Adam strolls along the cliffs above the sea, speaking into a microphone while George sails back and forth for the movie cameras. Thus begins the tension, unspoken between the two, captain and mate. Nicolson takes back his role as author, as a television personality, and lets George take on the responsibility of getting them safely from port to port. The ruggedness of the sea, the dependence on physical and intuitive skills essential for survival resides in George, not in Nicolson.

Although friends for years, Nicolson is paying George to be the captain. But George wasn't consulted about the television crew and Nicolson becomes less of a mate and more of a passenger. Nicolson reboards the *Auk* and they head off for the Skelligs and then northwest for the Faeroes, a series of windswept islands, not on their original itin-

erary. When they finally arrive after battling big storms and waves, they are weathered in.

After more than a week, one night hunkered down in the cabin of the rocking sailboat, Nicolson receives a phone call. "Come home. I've had enough."

Reluctantly Nicolson leaves, and George waits it out for another week until a weather window appears and then takes off with fair winds, making 1,200 miles in 12 days.

About halfway into the trip, Nicolson meets an old sailor from Breton docked in a harbor off the Kerry coast of Ireland. Over whiskey one night, this old fellow says, "Technology! It is technology which is the great destructor. It comes between the hand and the world. Why else are you are a sailor? Because you need to feel the reality of the world in your hands." After one last shot of whisky, he tips his glass to Nicolson and quotes Blake, "The body is the eternal imagination of the soul."

Nicolson smiles, waves goodbye, and sleeps soundly in his bunk. Was this the nature of his longing? The confrontation of sailor with the wildness of life on the ocean, leaving the safety of pen and paper behind?

At the end of the book, when George has returned with *Auk*, the Nicolsons invite him to dinner for a time of reflection on the voyage. Over several glasses of wine, as Nicolson goes on and on about the sea and the boat, George interrupts.

"Why, you are a plucker, aren't you Adam?" Sarah falls into silence. George stares at his friend. Adam does not respond. The next day, Adam retreats to his den and writes down what George told him and asks himself what does it mean to be a plucker?

This book is more than a sea journey, more than trip with a destination. This is a saga about a man on a pilgrimage. A man asking questions about his life, filled with longing which he thinks will be fulfilled by going to sea.

The ending seems arbitrary to me. Nicolson, throughout the book, shares his philosophical musings. But we do not get to witness what sense this voyage means to him after returning to his den, his writing, and his landlocked life way inland from the sea.

Maybe we are all pluckers, fitting in a daysail here, an overnight there, maybe even a week every year for a charter or a venture up the coast or a sail from island to island. I still read any book or magazine I can find that has to do with sailing and occasionally I search the internet for cruising vessels. Yet looking back on last year, I sailed some around the island of St John in the Virgin Islands and then purchased a 1974 Laser found in a nearby barn, owned by the same family since its purchase. She now bobs up on down on the long and narrow Claytor Lake in the Virginia Appalachians. Yesterday I snuck off from my pottery for an afternoon sail. Doesn't mean I don't daydream about throwing off the lines someday and heading out.

But unlike Nicolson, I just enjoy the fantasy of once again, before I turn 70, having my own cruising sailboat. I've got my eye on a couple of small pocket cruisers. When I tell my wife Karen about how I am narrowing my search, she just rolls her eyes and keeps on reading her novel.

Just last week, my brother-in-law telephoned me, "Want to join me and couple of friends and cruise the Apostle Islands?" My heart thumped, I reached for the atlas looking for Lake Superior, in spite of what I heard

Messing About in Boats, December 2010 – 7

about last June's voyage. He drove with two friends, non-stop from Kansas City, jumped on board and the next morning it was 50 degrees and rained for the next three days. It was so foggy they were scared to even motor out into the lake. But here I am wondering and dreaming about the sailboat they will charter, the solitude and beauty of those islands then tacking into the wind. Maybe out of sight of land.

Baja Dreaming: Stories From Another Time

Copyright 2009 by Rod Kulbach
Fantasie Publishing, Friday Harbor, WA
156 Pages, Soft Cover

Reviewed by Carol A. Jones

To many of us who came of age in the '60s, Mexico was the promised land. We arrived on motorcycles, in Volkswagen vans, or

in boats, and we found a land of generous people, eager to understand our halting Spanish.

Rod Kulbach's *Baja Dreaming* has it all; evocative sketches of the landscape, seascape, and people of Mexico, as well as absorbing descriptions of sailing a variety of small boats in the waters surrounding Baja, California. Rod is a skillful writer, providing us with that happy combination of excellent narrative and enough small boat sea sagas to satisfy the most demanding armchair sailor. In the tradition of such old salts as Joshua Slocum, Rod even managed to build a boat on the Baja beach, using hand tools. "A pair of vise grips or a rasp left in the sun burned my hands on contact."

There are good observations of weather events and ocean conditions. There are engrossing portraits of the gringos, their dreams and quirks and misadventures. There are Rod's own dreams and his responses to the rich life around him. And there are the lip smacking references to the smorgasbord of available seafood, all this in an unspoiled paradise.

"A couple of oysters here, a rock scallop there, the tangy creamy oysters sliding down my throat. Then the white muscle of purple-lipped rock scallops, tasting of salt and nuts and cucumbers, and finally enough

plump mussels piled into my bucket to have with my rice in the evening."

But Shangri-la didn't last, it became too accessible. Development encroached, overfishing depleted the sea life and the lives of the local fishermen, the rich Mexican culture was exploited. Rod's final trip to Baja was in an inflatable kayak. He found campers and motorhomes lining the beaches:

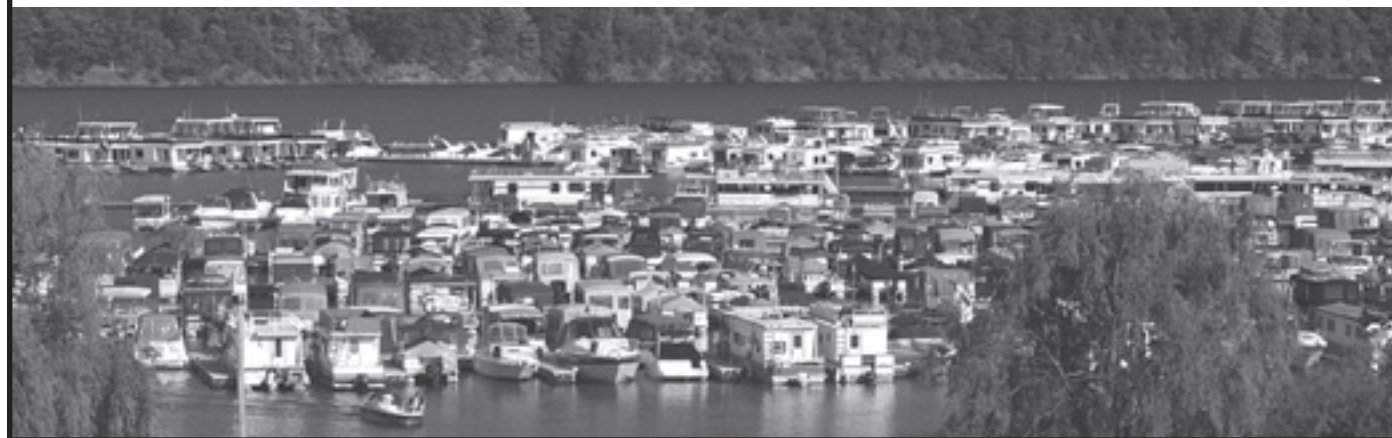
"I saw how well traveled it all is, the Sea of Cortez... We're everywhere, I thought, as I tried to focus on the beauty around me, we're building airports, spinning webs of roads, turning our last wildernesses into consumer items."


Rod's optimistic nature prevails, though, as he reflects on his years of happy visits.

"I was grateful for my time in Mexico, felt blessed to have met so many good people along the way. Now I can rest. My Baja is gone."

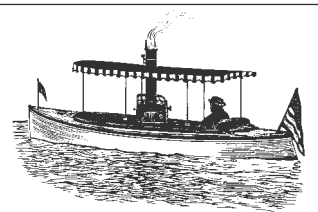
Baja Dreaming spoke to me vividly. In many ways, I shared Rod's youthful energy, his love of Mexico, his minimalist voyaging, and his eagerness to embrace a foreign and welcoming culture. His book is a well written, poignant reminiscence, still full of enthusiasm all these years later. I recommend it. I raced through *Baja Dreaming* the first time because I didn't want to put it down. Now I'm going to sit down and savor it.

Thinking about maybe finding a new anchorage next season?





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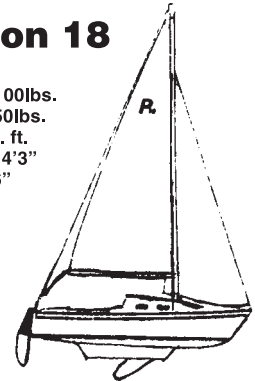
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Shoreside Scenes at MASCF 2010



From the *Mainsheet*, newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA:

Above and left: Teardrop trailer built by its owner.

Below: Kayak dolly for towing by bicycle.





The unique waterfront viewing tower provided an unusual viewpoint.

Tall Ships Erie 2010

From an Unusual Viewpoint

By Greg Grundtisch
(Lancaster, New York)

The Great Lakes Challenge 2010 had some of the American Sail Training Association (ASTA) member ships sailing into ports on the Great Lakes this summer. One of the last stops for the ships before going back to the east coast was in Erie, Pennsylvania. Dobbins Landing, on Erie's newly developed and improved waterfront was the location for this September 9-12 weekend.

The promotion information boasted of eight tall ships to attend this event, but in fact there were six. They were *Lynx* from New Hampshire, formerly from California, *Niagara* of Erie, Pennsylvania, *Pride of Baltimore*, *Roald Amundsen* from Germany, *Unicorn* from New Jersey and Bridgeport, Connecticut, and *Bounty* from Greenport, New York. Two ships, the *Pathfinder* and *Playfair* from Toronto did not show up. I could not find out why. My guess is that they were so close to their Toronto home on the north side of Lake Erie that they just sailed home. Well, they missed a fine, fun filled event to be sure.

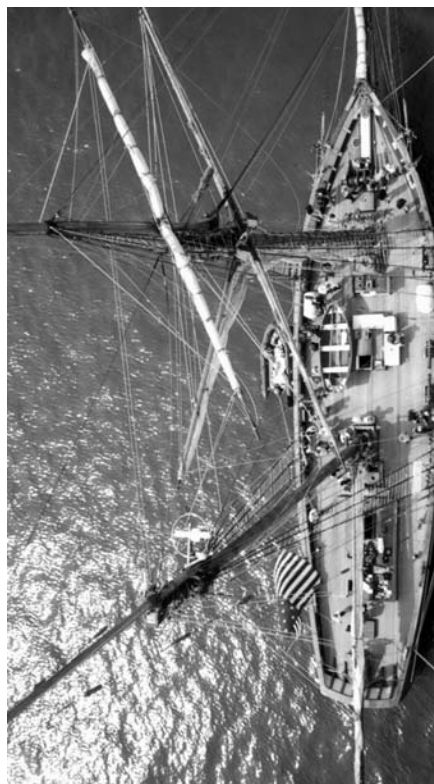
This was a very well attended event with food, music, parade of boats, cardboard boat race, to name a few of the daily events. The price of admission included access to all the ships. For an additional small fee a ride on the elevator to the top of the observation tower gave a very unusual view of the ships and a very impressive view of the surrounding area, including beautiful Presque Isle.

Presque Isle is a long narrow peninsula, most of which is a state park. It is a barrier island of sorts that protects the Erie waterfront. This was the location for Friday's Commemoration of the Battle of Lake Erie, an historical battle of the War of 1812.

The city of Erie has done an excellent job of redeveloping their waterfront area and making it accessible to the public. Plenty of public and private marinas, a new library and maritime museum, a low rise convention center and hotel, a long pier for fishing, the observation tower, and a huge dock behind the museum that is winter home of the brig *Niagara*. During this event *Bounty* was located there. Visiting the museum alone is worth spending a day in Erie.



Lynx.



Pride of Baltimore.

Bounty over by the new museum.





Unicorn.

Niagara.



Roald Amundsen.

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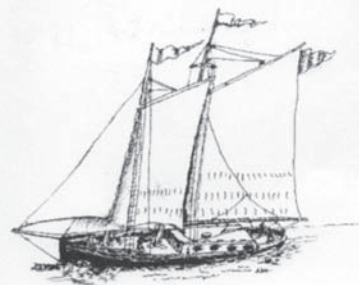
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Short Ships Rowing Race

From Rockport Apprenticeshop
(Rockport, Maine)
Aerial Photo by Brooks Holland

On September 18, 28 racers rowed, paddled, and sculled their way around Rockland Harbor in The Apprenticeshop's 2010 Short Ships Rowing Regatta. The race included all manner of watercraft completing the three-mile triangular racecourse. Twenty-three boats hit the start line at 9:33am under sunny skies, 8-10kt northerly winds, and slightly choppy waters.

First overall was Don Seales of Searsmont, crossing the finish line in 32:34, rowing his sleek, sliding seat Stampfli racing shell. However, in traditional Short Ships camaraderie, the racer getting the most cheers from the crowd was the persevering Thad Danielson, of Marblehead, Massachusetts, rowing an 8' tender designed by

W. Starling Burgess in 1925 and built by Danielson in 2009. Danielson garnered the final finish position at 70:09 with a broad smile and a wave.

Other top finishers by class were Reinhard Zollitsch of Orono, first in outrigger canoes and third overall at 34:27, Ben Fuller of Cushing, first in kayaks and fourth overall at 35:24, Clint Chase of Portland, first in fixed seat singles and fifth overall at 36:05, and Justin McAnaney of Union with Hobbs White of Rockland in "Team Lower Left Hand Corner," first in fixed seat doubles and ninth overall at 42:48.

Additional unique awards highlighted the post race refreshments and festivities. "Team Piper" won the "Terrific Trio Award," finishing 19th overall with a time of 59:08. Coxswain Eliot drove his crew hard with encouraging comments like, "Come on Mom and Dad, pull harder, what do you think I'm paying you for!"

The father/son team of Joe and Michael McGeady finished in 20th place with a time of 57:07 and garnered the "Dynamic Duo Award." The senior McGeady provided the oar power while the junior McGeady held the course steady with a smooth hand on the tiller.

"Team Benchdogs" brought a triple threat to the kayak division. A near photo finish saw eight-year-old Caellan (66:32) edge out grandpa Michael (66:34) while dad Weber (66:28) managed to slip across the line ahead of both. For their 20th, 21st, and 22nd overall finishes they won the "Three Generation Sensation Award."

The Short Ships race has been run for 30+ years and always draws an interesting group of craft. This year was no exception. The 2010 Regatta included dories, Whitehalls, pulling boats, outrigger canoes, skiffs, wherries, kayaks, tenders, and a faering. We had 19 singles, three doubles and one triple oared vessel.

Special thanks to the Black Point Inn and The Inn at Ocean's Edge for sponsoring this event, *WoodenBoat* for media sponsorship, safety boat drivers Alan Athearn, Tom Goettel, and Dale Young, and to the Rockland Yacht Club and Jesse Henry for race buoys. Thanks also to photographer Brooke Holland, event co-organizer, and trophy builder Don Seales, and all the volunteers who assisted with the event.

Rockport Apprenticeshop Report

By Graham Walsh
(Rockport, Maine)

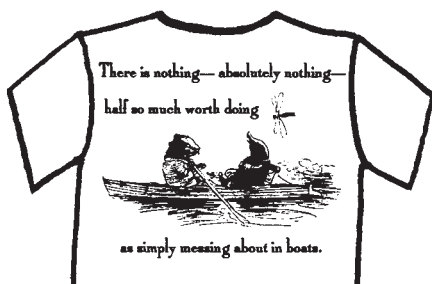
The Shop floors are all busy this fall with 15 apprentices and three interns building nine boats, including an 18' Buzzards Bay sloop, an 11' Frank Day rowboat, a 9' and a 12' Lawley tender, one planked up in southern white cedar for a bright finish and one planked in northern white cedar, four Susan skiffs, and the Apprentice 15, a double-ended, lapstrake daysailer designed by Shop instructor Kevin Carney.

The three interns here for 12 weeks are Seth Walton from Hillsboro, Virginia, Connor Gillis from Berlin, Massachusetts, and Patrick Kane from Bangor, Maine. They have settled into the day-to-day operations of The Apprenticeshop and its programs. They are enthusiastically learning from and sharing with the instructors and the apprentices, in true Apprenticeshop tradition.

All the Apprenticeshop boats, including the returned Weymouth boat *Lighthorseman*, and the boats of our storage clients, are "on the hard" for the winter. Much can be learned from seeing the shapes of the hulls when boats are out of the water.

For more information about our internships, apprenticeships, upcoming workshops, as well as boats under construction for sale, email Graham Walsh, Shop Manager, at graham@apprenticeshop.org.

Hobbs White planking the Apprentice 15.



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Duck flock.

The first annual Sail Oklahoma messabout was a four-day affair: October 8 through 11. Mike and Jackie Monies hosted this event at their "boat palace" on the sandy shores of Lake Eufaula. About 35 families attended bringing over 30 boats, including 14 PD Racers.

What amazes me about messabouts is the great variety of boats, so many different ways of having fun on the water. I had never seen a PD Racer before. They are 8' long, cement-mixer shaped boxes which are very capable sailboats. The lower 10" of a PD racer is defined (see PDRacer.com) but above that anything goes, as can be seen in the photos.

Oklahoma is the last place one might expect to have a fine sailing experience. Don't be led astray by the dust bowl image many people have of Oklahoma. Our state is the "Frontier Lake State," thanks to the Army Corps of Engineers who have dammed up all the big rivers except one. Lake Eufaula is Oklahoma's largest lake and is sometimes called the "Gentle Giant."

It was a little too gentle on Friday, the first day of the messabout. Nevertheless, a few PD Racers, a Lapwing, a Core Sound, and my Mayfly managed to drift around for a

Sail Oklahoma 2010

By George Fulk



Tot with tiller.

while, occasionally catching a zephyr. In the evening we all stuffed ourselves with Jackie's wonderful cooking which kept on being served up over the whole weekend.

On Saturday, the breeze picked up nicely. We all sailed five miles downwind to another sandy beach and picnic area, more good food. I had Jim Michalak, designer of my boat, as my passenger. We talked about boats, but also about his other passion, old movies.

Jim jumped ship for the beat back home, in favor of returning on another of his designs, a Caroline. That boat had a motor. I was a little apprehensive about sailing alone as the wind had piped up and we were seeing some whitecaps. The Mayfly does better with more weight in it. Not to worry though, the Mayfly surged through the waves and overtook all the boats except for one PD Racer, sailed by an athletic captain who hung his weight over the gunwale to keep his boat upright. His 8' cement mixer had the same sail area as my 16' Mayfly.

On Sunday there was a PD Racer race and a scoop-up-the-marshmallows event and, of course, more good food.

You can get information on the second annual Sail Oklahoma messabout next fall on the Duckworks website. There is talk of an "international" PD Racer race. Gosh, maybe I should build one of those things. It's so small I could do it without the wife ever knowing.



Duck on truck.

Skiff America.



Mayfly near, Piccup Pram far.

Shearwater.





Five days hiking and sailing Halls Creek Bay slipped through our fingers as fast as the soft red sands of southern Utah. What a wonderful week spent with son and father and a small group of lake lizards. Spending all our time in Halls Bay meant no big rush to get from here to there and plenty of time to explore the surrounding topography. In stark contrast, the hot sensual curves of the soft sandstone beckoned us from the cool waters of the lake. The Waterpocket fold is a buckle in the earth's surface and runs along the west side of the bay and then northwest for another 100 miles. It's a major feature of Capitol Reef National Park terminating near Thousand Lake Mountain in central Utah. The unusual rock formations and deep canyons begged for a closer inspection. A couple of hours hiking in the fold each day only whetted my appetite for more.

After a leisurely breakfast perched on the gunwale of the *Niña*, (Dad's boat) and carefully reloading the Penguin, normally we would hit the water about midmorning. A small breeze kicking up soon afterwards, blowing, waning, blowing again. From the rocks we could see the changing patterns dance across the lake. We tried to catch up or drop back to Dad at midday for lunch, pulled up and tied to the tamarisk or nudged into the sand of a lee beach. Dad's looking for his avocado, it was on top this morning when we loaded the boat.

Tuesday, the wind was blowing well in the afternoon straight up the bay toward Hall Mesa, we tacked back and forth playing with Dad and enjoying the ride. The *Niña* stopped on a long sand spit, but Tanner and I headed for the partially submerged trees and bushes that dominate the upper end of the bay. An osprey watched from the limb of a dead cottonwood tree as we sailed by. Tanner pulled the centerboard up a little as we glided over the dead tamarisk, a few branches reaching above the water. Our way narrowed but the wind was right and the boat slowly passed into a canyon of mature tamarisk broken only by the shallow channel we ascended.

Unable to continue, we climbed out of our muddy trough and tried bushwhacking through the dense growth onshore looking for a trail that would take us to Grand Gulch.

Kokopelli 2010

By Steven Thayer
(Southern Utah)

I climbed a cottonwood stick to check our progress, out of sight of the boat but a long way to anywhere; we struggled back to the boat and brushed off the bush parts and long legged spiders that were clinging to us. Out of the sea of tamarisk and into the safety of our little boat we tied up under a willow tree and ate our lunch. Tanner had a hardboiled egg while I sliced up a cucumber for my roast beef sandwich.

Back at the spit Jon had joined Dad on the sand, feet in the water and sheltered from some wind by a slight rise. Tanner jumped into the water while I unloaded the boat for some lively sailing. I tried pulling him on a water ski left behind by some generous motor boater, but couldn't pull him free from the water's grip. He seemed to enjoy being dragged around by our little boat or hanging off the bow as I tried to sail. Chuck, Sandra, and John D. blew in and began building camp. I shook Tanner loose and headed to the fold for a hike before dinner.

Wednesday morning some of us packed up early so we could go hiking before the sun got too high. First Dad fixed us some rice left over from the night before, with the addition of syrup and peaches. The peaches were starting to kick a little, better enjoy them now, they wouldn't last another day. Tanner and I picked a draw and headed for it, Chuck and Sandra went towards one to the east and Michael J. followed a little later in our general direction. Later he told us he had to lower his mast to get past a tree, a serious sailor.

We hauled up to a bush, loaded our pack and started trucking through the half dead tamarisk and Russian thistles that monopolize the land below the high water mark. We checked the watch so we could keep track of our progress and know when to turn around. As we approached the fold the draws became choked with vegetation, willows, cattails, cottonwoods, poison ivy, etc. Taking our time, we headed up along the rim of our chosen canyon, the side sloping off to the vertical. Sixty

or seventy feet deep here it would become shallower as we progressed toward the top, eventually allowing access. The plants were left behind, replaced by bare rock scoured by the infrequent rains that run off so quickly.

As we approached a pothole, small frogs scattered, mature ones plopped into the water, the juveniles hopped away into the surrounding rock. Oh, the misdirected exuberance of youth. We sat down to pester the frogs a while. I dipped my hat into the pool then put it on again, the water ran down the back of my neck, tickling me with its cool fingers. Tanner handed me the water bottle, I think of Jesus at the well, "Whoever drinks of this water will thirst again." We decided on a new destination always looking higher, up to that dark rock, the one that looked like a cow pie.

There was a white sail on the lake, it hadn't moved since the last time we looked. Chuck and Sandra were back to their boat and heading out again. The pot holes were frequent, most with water and frogs in them, my hat stayed wet most of the day. There was a large roundish rock teetering on the edge of a small drop and gently sloping canyon. (It would have probably gone over this winter.) I am surprised by the way it crumbles when it hits, the pieces sliding to a halt near the bottom. A check of the watch told us it was time to turn around; I didn't think there was a top to this hill. We found a nice shady spot to eat our snack, chicken Vienna sausages and an apple, salty and kosher.

The wind was kicking up when we got back to the boat, out of the south so it was a quick ride down the lake to our agreed upon destination. Too muddy and icky so we pressed on a little further to a nice area with lots of houseboats and jet skis. Could have looked further but Dad had a large watermelon that needed attention. The rest of our jolly band showed up and quickly began the ritual of preparing shelter, collecting firewood, looking for flat spots, and anticipating dinner. Tonight it was a collaboration between Sandra and John D., a good combination as it turned out. Tanner and I made a cherry cobbler in the Dutch oven, not a very practical tool on a small boat outing but it makes good ballast in the *Niña*.

The wind was really blowing next morning and the sky was cloudy when we got on the water. Tanner had the helm, I manned the camera. We didn't have far to go, heading for a draw that we checked out on the way into the bay. We made good progress even though it was into a headwind, keeping ahead of Mike and John's trimarans. They were bailing out today as did Chuck and Sandra. Kim Apel who came late, had disappeared. There were two houseboats in our draw but we didn't care because the wind had picked up and the rain was threatening. Dad, Tanner, and I hung out under a small overhang when the rain hit, heavy, moving quickly. Fascinating, water hitting water in undulating rhythms, the rain attacking, then submitting and melting into the lake. It stopped as quickly as it started, leaving the rocks washed clean, footprints obscured. The rain came again at dusk, this time Jon was there with us taking up refuge in our small sanctuary. This time the lightning and thunder were close by, the storm tracked off to the northeast, lingering on the horizon filling the canyons and gullies with destructive torrents of red water.

Next morning before breakfast, Tanner and I hiked up our canyon to share the large pot holes and see a small arch I had seen the previous day. These were very pretty almond shaped plunge pools with grasses and trees on one or two sides. The frogs were emboldened by the rains and were venturing far from their wet homes, ever searching for a better puddle. When we got back the galley was

still open and Dad fried us up some of Mom's homemade bread, I smeared on some of my wife's apricot jam, life is good.



No wind today, we rowed all the way out the neck of Halls Creek Bay, boat traffic was picking up. I could see the flag flapping at the marina and soon we were under sail through the great forest of houseboats moored there. Back at Bullfrog we bid farewell to Jon and headed out of the area, my body willing but

my mind kicking and screaming. One last night amongst the sage and holly bushes, playing "oh heck" by firelight. Dad showed the youngsters how it's done.

Friday morning Tanner and I drove down to the Hog Springs picnic area on the road to Hite. We saw a picture on Google Earth of a fellow jumping into a plunge pool at Hog Springs and that was our destination. The trail that goes up the canyon behind the picnic area had been mostly washed away by the recent rains so we trooped up the creek bed through the wet sand and flattened reeds. The pool looked much like the picture only filled with red water and all the willows around it were laid over on the ground. Tanner said he'd jump off the rim if I got in also, sounded like a fair deal. Don't know how deep it was, neither of us touched bottom. I didn't try too hard, too cold for this old boy. I stayed on the bank soaking up the rays while Tanner and his thick blood made numerous jumps from the rim.

A modest lunch of whatever was left in the cooler and it was back to pounding the pavement for home. The old homestead was still standing, grass needed mowing, should I go back and forth or up and down this time? As usual I'll just do it the same way and think about changing it up next time around. My blue-eyed angel meets me with a kiss and short embrace. Why so stand offish, beautiful? Don't you recognize me in the fuzz and scruffiness? Or is it because I haven't changed my shorts in six days?

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I know I said I would stay away from tide-ridden saltwater shores, and especially tide rips, come 2010; and I did, deciding instead to circumnavigate our biggest lake in New England, and 6th largest lake in the US, Lake Champlain. With the 400-anniversary hype of 2009 over (Samuel de Champlain canoed and named this lake in 1609), I felt it was a sensible compromise for the “old salt”.

It was a wonderful 276-mile round trip (see my write-up in the October issues of *Messing About in Boats* and *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* and on my website www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com), but there was something distinctly missing: the air, the smells, the open vistas and curved horizon, the challenge of irregular waves, swells from distant storms, and the ever-changing water level: no tides, no rips, no salt spray or spindrift, no wild dancing, no bells, gongs or whistles, and not enough gulls, terns and other seabirds. – I missed it all already, on my first trip away from all that stuff.

Lines from John Masefield’s poem *Sea-Fever* kept going through my mind, till I finally succumbed and decided to do something about it. Yes, “I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,” or in my case, my trusty old Verlen Kruger Sea Wind solo sea canoe, my carbon fiber bent-shaft paddle, my Ritchie compass and my beloved NOAA charts. I felt the distinct need to do some serious messing about on salt water, and why not revisit some of my favorite haunts on Muscongus Bay in Maine. “Messing about on Muscongus Bay, Maine” sounded good. It even had some very literary alliteration to make up for my humble Eureka abode, canned dinner menu by Bush, Hormel, Dinty Moore and Chef Boyardee, and my coffee and cereal with fat-free powdered milk.

Since Nancy kindly offered to drive me to the put-in, I chose Thomaston harbor, the closest Muscongus Bay port to Orono, Maine, only 2 hours from home. This way I did not have to worry about leaving my car unattended for 6 days at some public ramp, where overnight parking is also mostly forbidden or ill-advised. Looking at the chart, my 6-day trip fell into place very quickly. The first day I would paddle the 10 miles down the St. George River into the bay and pick a MITA (Maine Island Trail Association, see appendix) island to camp on for the night. Having been a MITA member for 17 years, I thought I would check out every Muscongus Bay MITA spot in the process and report back to Headquarters.

Messing About on Muscongus Bay, Maine

By Reinhard Zollitsch
(August 2010)



I am off, what a feeling!

Along the Eastern Edge of Muscongus Bay

For the first night out I had picked tiny Griffin Island at Davis Strait, just a tad north of Benner and Allen Islands. My first day’s paddle would delineate the eastern edge of Muscongus Bay. I was very familiar with this area, especially Davis Strait, because of earlier family sailing trips in our little 22’ Venture swing-keeler on the way from Port Clyde to Pemaquid Point.

The St. George River (also known as The Georges, or St. Georges River) is really a very wide and even longer tidal arm, which must have looked like the Northwest Passage to all the early explorers, obsessed to find that fabled passage to the riches of the Orient. Champlain came looking for it up the Penobscot River in Maine (1604) as well as the St. Lawrence River in Canada, all the way up to the Lachine Rapids in Montreal, the China Rapids (1602), as did Jacques Cartier before him (1535). Captain George Waymouth (in most modern popular literature spelled with an “e” - Weymouth) checked out the St. George River in May/June 1605, but was mostly looking for possibilities for a British settlement in the New World.

I passed very picturesque inlets like Maple Juice Cove, made famous by paintings by Andrew Wyeth, saw a most delightful tidal short-cut behind Gay Island and a handful of very ledgy looking islands between Caldwell, McGee and Thompson Island. Griffin Island and Ledge were treeless delights. There even

was a small flow-through shell beach, which made landing real easy, especially from the south at about mid-tide. I saw several eagles on the way out here, lots of eiders and loons, as I watched sailors and lobster boats and also a few pleasure craft pass through this narrow passage.

The Traverse

All afternoon and especially the next morning I was longingly looking over to Monhegan Island, only 10 miles south of my rock-pile perch on Griffin Ledge, but tackling an eight-mile open ocean passage (from the southern tip of Allen Island) and the same distance back did not seem prudent in late August, and all alone, and I opted for a big traverse of Muscongus Bay instead. At the anchorage between Benner and Allen Island, also known as Georges or Pentecost Harbor, I tried to recall what I had read about the early explorer Waymouth, who anchored his boat the Archangell here during May and June of 1605, even celebrating mass on Pentecost Sunday on the very spot where one now finds a large granite cross. (On it the name Waymouth, with an “a”, was clearly visible from my boat perch.)



Waymouth cross on Allen Island.

A very proper cruising yacht, a sizable yawl, was anchored on the same spot Waymouth must have chosen 400+ years ago. The crew was having breakfast in the cockpit. “What a great day in a very special place,” I quietly voiced in their direction. I did not get (or need)

Franklin Island lighthouse.

Davis Strait from Griffin Island.





Old stone pier in Waldoboro.



Havener Ledge.

much more than a nod and a smile, and I was out of sight towards Old Hump Ledge, Franklin Light and Harbor Island, which I had wanted to sail into for a very long time, but never did. This time I would paddle into the natural harbor over the ledgy south entrance and out the top. The three boats anchored there looked just as safe and cozy as I had always imagined. From there I would continue my traverse past Wreck, Ross and Haddock towards New Harbor and Pemaquid Point.

But since I was in such a mellow, non-people mood, I decided to skip those two tourist places and instead check out two tiny MITA islands in that area, Bar Island at the southern tip of Louds Island, and Little Marsh, south of Marsh Island. And since Bar was taken by two young paddlers, I opted for Little Marsh, a bold, almost white ledge with two and a half spruce trees on top, offering just enough shade for my little tent.

Landing and launching the next day, though, over ledges covered with seaweed, was a bit more challenging than on the lovely Griffin Island shell beach. But the view straight out to sea over low, treeless Eastern Egg Rock with its small Puffin colony, across to Pemaquid in the SW and Monhegan on the SE horizon, was spectacular.

Up the Western Edge of Muscongus Bay

Early the next morning I crossed Muscongus Sound to follow its western shore to Round Pond, where I had sailed into many times with my family, almost always in the fog. Today was different – sunny and clear, which made everybody very friendly. The tide was also with me, and sitting in a hand-powered boat in quite sheltered water I did not have to worry about the wind, as I did in the past while sailing, tacking against the tide through the very tight, ledge-studded Hockomock Channel. I even went behind Oar Island to finally see the wooden five-masted schooner Cora Cressey, beached there on the mud flats. She was built in Bath, Maine (1902) for the coal trade, being able to haul 2,193 tons, but she ended up in Boston as a floating nightclub (1938), and when that failed, she was towed to her present location and served as a lobster pound, till her sides rotted out.

I could not bring myself to take a picture of the old schooner hulk. She looked so abandoned, so sad, so dilapidated, so disrespectfully disposed of, slowly rotting into the mud. They should have poured gasoline on her years ago and had a glorious bonfire instead, as the Vikings did with their boats, or

they should have scuttled her far out at sea; in either case, giving her a proper burial, sending its spirits free.

After that I pushed on with the remaining tide all the way up to Waldoboro, 16 miles up the Sound. Many an old coastal schooner, including the sister ship to Cora Cressey, the Paul Palmer, was built here in Waldoboro (in the same year of 1902), which I understand was mostly settled by Germans. I looked all around for the old shipyards – nothing, no boat shed, ramp, ways, forgotten logs or planks, absolutely nothing but two stone piers, one modern floating dock with one lobster boat tied to it, and one rowboat in the marsh grass in front of an old factory building which still seemed to be producing something, because the lights were still on.

The tide then ran out fast, leaving extensive grass-covered tidal mudflats on both shores. My chart indicated only a very thin channel at low water. Five miles below Waldoboro, I pulled out at the narrows of Havener Ledge. A small beach at the south side made landing easy, but lugging my camping gear up on top of that huge granite outcropping took some huffing and puffing. The view from the top of the ledge, though, was worth it, and the tiny one-tent camping spot right on its shoulder was very protected. A family with 4 kids had a friendly picnic on the beach. Answering all the questions the young kids had and showing them how all my gear worked, from my paddle, to compass, radar reflector, wiggle stick, tent, Crazy Creek chair and stove, was fun, being an “old teach”. I like curious people and always reward them.

More MITA Sites in the Middle of Muscongus Bay

The next day was designed to criss-cross the center of Muscongus Bay, ending up on Thief Island. I checked out the sites on Hungry, Strawberry and Crow Islands, where I met an older solo canoeist in a short, shallow, flat-bottomed Old Town camp-style canoe, which he propelled with a set of well-worn wooden kayak paddles. He seemed to be having a great time and claimed to have paddled all over the place. I was impressed, but was glad I was sitting in my covered Kuger sea canoe instead of that nutshell.

Then I enjoyed a most charming passage behind Wolsgrover and Wharton Island, but when I stuck my bow back out into the Medomak River, it got windy. Whitecaps were forming in a hurry, and I danced my way from Hog to Louds Island, using Indian Island as the last jump-off point to Thief

Island. The tide was such that I had to land on hard rock – ouch! and had to weight my tent down from the inside before I could raise it. But soon all was fine again in that little, protected, sumac grove campsite. Coffee and hot cocoa and eventually my culinary friend Dinty Moore lifted my spirits. I think it was beef stew, or maybe chicken stew; but then, they all taste alike in saltwater surroundings, especially when I “wash” my dishes in that brine – but mind you, I am not complaining here, just stating the way it is.

Friendship and the Islands to the South

The strong southeasterly of yesterday had changed to a strong northeasterly, as I crossed over from Thief to Black Island, and from there right into the wind up into Friendship Harbor. I had to go there, for sure, if only to find a few old-fashioned Friendship sloops. My first sailing experience along the Maine coast was with a family friend sailing his home-built Friendship sloop, the Nancy (same as my wife Nancy). We sailed her from Portland to Boothbay, Friendship and Camden many times; so I was on the lookout for her or any other beautiful classic gaff-rigged fishing sloop. And finally I saw one: the mighty Gladiator, one of the finest and fastest Friendship sloops around these days.



Friendship sloop in Friendship Harbor.

Later that afternoon I saw her sail to Harbor Island and back under full sail. By then the wind had picked up even more, and the skipper had to luff jib and main to stay upright. I guessed he was sailing short-handed and didn't have enough crew to reef both sails. Had I been aboard as a boatswain



The view from Thief Island.



Landing on Black Island.

and had at least one other sailor to help me, I would have suggested tying in two reefs. (As a matter of fact, he should have reefed while still on his mooring if he had listened to the NOAA weather report!)

After swinging around Garrison and Morse Islands, I flew SW before the wind and was chased by breaking waves back to Black Island, where I had to land on the rocks again, between two huge erratics on the NE side, where I saw those lovely lilac bushes up on shore. The campsite was flat, grassy and very sheltered, but at low tide, like tomorrow morning, when I had planned to leave, the rocks looked impenetrable with a heavy boat and gear, like real ankle twistors, which I cannot afford going solo. So I decided to break camp and carry my boat and all my gear alongshore to the NE tip of the island, where there was a level seawall to camp on and a gently sloping beach to get to the water on. Better do it now than early in the morning, when it may also rain. I noted in the MITA site booklet for the lilac site, not to camp here if I planned on leaving around low tide.

The weather report for the next few days did not sound very promising: strong north-easterlies with heavy rain starting about 10:00am. It was time to get off the bay. I was suddenly done. I had sniffed enough salt air, even tasted some salt water on my lips, danced enough to feel good and excited, but never out of control. It was a perfect 6-day loop through the island world of Muscongus Bay. All I had to do now was power my way 14.5 miles up the St. George River with the tide, but against the wind, back up to Thomaston, where I was to meet Nancy at High Noon, as usual.

And yes, at 12:00 noon I rounded the last corner, and there was my car and Nancy in her GoreTex suit and inside-out umbrella to protect her camera. What a girl! Thanks! It rained in buckets, but all my gear was in dry

bags, so who cares. Nancy had even brought dry clothes for me. I briefly looked up at the other Waymouth cross on shore, nodded respectfully, and then we were off.

Summary

84 mostly leisurely miles in six days (14 miles/day on average in 4.1 hrs/day), a much gentler pace than my usual 25 miles/day, when I am on a real trip to somewhere. On all MITA sites I was always alone. I saw only three other boaters in six days. Even in late August, the ocean was still not overcrowded, because it does take an effort to get out, always, and some skill, strength, but especially prudence to know when to persevere or when to quietly quit and pull out.

Yes, I needed that salt air, and I feel much better going into Fall and our long winter-hibernation period up here in Maine. I already know I'll certainly be "down to the seas again" next year.

You too, keep paddling, be safe and enjoy.
Reinhard, reinhard@maine.edu www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com

PS: I hadn't actually read Sea-Fever since my college days almost 50 years ago, and had not memorized it. But I just re-read it, after finishing this article, and I am amazed at how very accurately the poem describes my own feelings! I am attaching a copy of the poem to share with you readers.

Sea-Fever

By John Masefield (1878-1967)
(English Poet Laureate, 1930-1967)

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship `and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And the grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Gear and Info

17'2" Verlen Kruger Sea Wind sea canoe www.krugercanoes.com

Carbon fiber Zaverall marathon canoe racing paddle viww.zre.com

NOAA chart #13301 (Muscongus Bay).

Iridium Satellite Phone; VHF marine radio with 24-hr weather reports.

Camping gear for beach overnights; one-burner propane stove; all food from home; 4 gals/16 liters of water in Dromedary water bags; adhering strictly to MITA carry-in/carry-out policy.

Maine Island Trail Association, Portland, Maine: www.MITA.org

On Waymouth, check out: www.thomastonhistoricalsociety.com/weymouth.html

On Cora Cressey, check out: www.CoraCressey.pdf

Expenses: None, other than food and car shuttle.

Sponsors: None (no obligation, no stress).

Rainy return to Thomaston.





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Two months after we bought our pre-owned Cape Dory 33, Co-captain and Trophy Wife of 37 years and I enrolled in sailing school. The Oriental School of Sailing conducted five days of morning lectures and afternoon sailing on 25' sloops. They did a good job while early April gave us interesting weather, hot and cold, calms and strong winds. We sailed every afternoon, stormy or not.

Yes, Co-captain and I earned our diplomas and neither of us ran aground nor brought down the rigging. Now we knew about knots, sheets, and halyards and we could heave to. Experts in all aspects of sailing. After day sails and overnights we sailed to Ocracoke via Pamlico Sound. Lots of fun, but for a real salt like me it became a little tame. Time for bigger things. An ocean trip from Beaufort, North Carolina, to Charleston seemed about right. This is 240 miles as the turtle swims and maybe a third longer as the sailboat sails.

This brought up the question of crew. Co-captain is a good intuitive sailor. She does not get seasick, feels the wind, steers by the compass, and stays calm in emergencies. And when we sail on the ocean to go to Cape Lookout and anchor in the bight she really enjoys it. However, her religion includes an 11th Commandment which is, "Thou shalt be at anchor when night falleth." No exceptions.

Friends Don and Mike, both from South Carolina, agreed to sign on for the voyage. Don wanted hands-on sextant navigation experience after taking a Power Squadron course. Mike had already sailed on a very rough adventure cruise from Florida to the Virgin Islands. He wanted a smoother, less stressful voyage this time.

On an early May morning we motored out of Beaufort Inlet. Weather was warm and partly cloudy with light wind from the east. Outside the inlet we cut the engine and put up the main and big genoa and started manual steering. *Summer Wind* has no autopilot nor roller furling. We steered three hours on and six hours off.

We poked along at 3kts. *Summer Wind* is a heavy, full keeled boat and needs a good wind to find her groove. Don took a sun sight at noon and another in late afternoon. Twilight was mostly cloudy and Venus was the only fix that Don could get. Venus allowed him to get a running fix which agreed pretty much with our dead reckoning. Our progress was not impressive.

The light wind shifted to SW on our nose so we fired up the Volvo Diesel. In order to give Frying Pan Shoal off Cape Lookout a wide berth, we plotted our course to go further out to sea than was perhaps necessary but we were not trying for any speed records. We motored through the night and were abeam of Frying Pan Light tower about 4am. The helmsman did not see the tower light even though the weather was clear. I think the binnacle light for the compass was too bright and affected night vision. Mike did spot the tower about sunrise way off the stern.

Hallelujah! Before noon the wind shifted to the SE at 15kts and a bit higher. The seas picked up an so did *Summer Wind*. A little while later the wind increased to maybe 20kts. We were making 6kts rail down. Great sailing. We had been slightly queasy all along. Our nourishment was ginger ale and Saltines. Now we were starving. My provisioning reflected my philosophy that a gourmet sailing meal is canned corn beef hash with canned peas. Mike is a good cook and he did better than that. He rummaged around in the

Sail and Motor to Charleston

By Jim Barnhill
(Raleigh, North Carolina)

galley and cooked up scrambled eggs, bacon, grits, packaged rolls, and coffee. We ate in the cockpit at dusk. Four Star Michelin! Sailing was a spot of perfection in a sometimes imperfect world.

Just before dusk we spotted a Navy minesweeper a mile eastward and called her on the VHF. She gave us a fix which was close to Don's position. Also we got a weather report which was for continued partly cloudy skies with wind 15-20E. We were a bit over-canvassed. Mike suggested that for night sailing it would be prudent to change the big genny to the working jib and to take a reef in the main, which we did. *Summer Wind* now rode and steered a bit easier. She still made 5kts. Lovely. But steering and holding course in the increasing seas was really hard work so we went to two hours on and four off.

After dark there was heat lightning and just a few pale stars out. Gradually high clouds covered all of the stars. Wind held steady at 20kts. At 11pm Mike and I went below, put in the hatch boards, slid the cover closed and turned in. Here we were 30 miles offshore sailing beautifully with strong, steady wind and a good forecast. I really did have this sailing business by the tail!

At half-past midnight there was a tremendous roar as if a freight train were right on top of us. *Summer Wind* shook violently for ten seconds and then snap rolled 90 degrees to starboard. From the port bunk I was thrown out onto the folded table in spite of the lee cloth. Mike was rolled up on the starboard hull. Don released the main sheet and shouted for help. Slowly she rounded up and became more upright. The wind screamed and the motion was sickening. Mike and I struggled to get into foul weather gear and life preservers. Don thought it was taking us forever.

We will never really know the wind speed of that microburst that hit us. I know one always exaggerates in extreme moments, still, I have been in hurricanes ashore and I know in my bones that that wind was in excess of 90kts. By the time we got into the cockpit the wind had dropped to maybe 50kts. It was pitch black and the waves were invisible, but they were enormous and they made evil hissing sounds as they rolled past.

We decided to heave-to rather than go up on that plunging foredeck to wrestle the jib down. The hand brake would not begin to hold the wheel so we lashed it down. The motion became less violent and things came back under control. I had not been consciously afraid as I think I was in shock. Everything had occurred in s-l-o-w motion. For the first time in my 57 years my mouth now went totally dry and felt full of cotton. I absolutely could not swallow. All of a sudden I leaped to the side, held on with an iron grip and heaved supper over the side. No, not the windward side. I was not that far gone.

Mike volunteered to take the watch. His advice to take in a reef in the main and put up the working job had really paid off. The wind eased to 35kts and we decided to spend the rest of the night hove-to and Don and I went below. Several more times, during what remained of the night, I crawled to the head,

embraced the commode, and paid the dues demanded by that sadistic fellow with the trident. Sailing is such great fun.

At daybreak we relieved Mike. The wind had fallen to about 20kts and gone south. It was much cooler and crystal clear. We started sailing again under full main and jib. Still half sick and very tired, we decided to put into Georgetown and rest up for a spell. Three hours later Iron Mike got up and said, "What the hell, let's go to Charleston." And so we did.

All day the sailing was good but the wind faded at dark. Again we fired up the Volvo and motored through the night. We were treated to the most spectacular electrical display that we had ever seen. From horizon to horizon out in the Gulf Stream ten miles to port there was a continuous line of massive thunderstorms. Lightning was so continuous that it seemed like daylight. It was a beautiful but sobering sight. Lord knows I would not want to be caught out there in those storms.

Morning brought a good sailing northwest wind and soon we were nearing Charleston. About ten miles out a Coast Guard cutter towing an 80' luxury power yacht hailed us on the VHF. They wanted to know our vessel's name, home port, last port of call, documentation number, number of people on board, and purpose of our voyage. Made us feel like real sailors returning from the sea.

In the long Charleston channel we saw the conning tower of a nuclear sub approaching us at high speed. Never have I seen such a wake, we would not want it to catch us abeam.

Our return voyage was mostly uneventful. We motored in a straight line for 48 hours in a dead calm over a glassy smooth ocean. All the while the VHF radio was saying we were having a southeast wind at 10-15mph, which would have been a perfect sailing breeze for us. We stopped once to check the engine oil and swim in the gorgeous clear blue green water. Maybe the swim was not as relaxing as it could have been, at least for me. In my mind I could hear the theme music from "Jaws" playing as I kept telling myself, "I am not going to think about sharks!"

While we were underway a small olive-colored wren-sized bird came aboard and stayed. It ate bread crumbs and drank water and was quite content to sit awhile on our heads or shoulders. Then it would fly down below and stay awhile. That night the little bird slept on the rail of the empty V-berth. It shared eggs and grits for breakfast with us and in early afternoon it circled *Summer Wind* a couple of times and bid us farewell.

His Royal Fickleness, King Neptune, had one more little treat in store for us. At 1:30am we neared the lights of Morehead City and Beaufort. The sea was still glassy calm but we could see lightning to the north over the land. Sure enough at eight miles out squalls hit us with gusty high winds, heavy rain and large seas. The main had been up all along so we motor-sailed and finally found the Beaufort Channel sea buoy against the light clutter of the shore. A quarter mile from the buoy we sensed a large unlit object very close to starboard. Our flashlight lit up a huge black NOAA research buoy. Had we rammed that big mama it would have shaken a few fillings. Maybe we really should have checked chart updates.

We charged in through the long channel as the storm blew out to sea. We anchored off the Coast Guard station to sleep a bit and wait until daylight. It was good to be home again after a great trip.

Was it winter or early spring? I don't know but I had, over the years of communicating with the Albert Strange Association people in England, said to one or the other, "If you get over this way come for a sail in *Sea Harmony*." Did I say that once too often? Well, Dick Wynne "called my bluff" (as he put it) and announced that he would come August 1 for two weeks if that would work for me. A fine how-do-you-do. I had been using the *WoodenBoat* Show (at Mystic Seaport again) as an excuse to cruise for ten years, but I had not signed up for the 2010 show for a variety of financial and scheduling reasons, and *Sea Harmony* deserved more of a Strange type cruise on the Maine coast than just doing a show or race.

The coast of Maine stretches northeastward towards the Bay of Fundy from Bigelow Bight, an arc of shore with few inlets sweeping from Cape Ann in Massachusetts to Cape Elizabeth just short of Portland, Maine. From Portland eastward the coast is thick with rocky necks and islands offering the cruiser quiet anchorages and vistas of water, rock, tree, and sky as well as quiet coastal villages and busy towns. This is *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, the title of the 1896 novel by Sarah Orne Jewett. Not only is the Maine coast a fine cruising ground, but it has also been the location of one of the grand gatherings of wooden boats culminating in the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta. I like to see all those boats and thought it would be fun for Dick, too. Dick said something like, "Whatever, I'm easy." So I signed up for the Regatta and figured we had a plan.

Well, it was the bones of a plan. This sort of plan needs elaboration and must be open to change with weather and the moment. For many a Maine cruiser the ultimate goal is Roque Island, another 60 miles east of Eggemoggin, past Mount Desert Island and Schoodic Point, more than half the way to Eastport and the Bay of Fundy. I had been there once with a friend on a short cruise. I had a little hope that we could reach that sweet spot and bent my course that way.

The *WoodenBoat* Show came and went at the end of June. I drove to Mystic for two of the three show days, returning to Marblehead Saturday as my brother wanted to visit and sail in *Sea Harmony*. It was a beautiful day to go to sea. June and July saw record warmth in New England with little rain. When we got to the last week of July I started watching the weather forecasts and thinking how our cruise was to go. No northeast gales were predicted that would have kept us nearer home. As the month closed the call was for a couple of days with southerly breezes, I couldn't have asked for better.

Dick's plane from England landed a few minutes before 2pm August 1. I had said I'd be there to pick him up at the terminal at 3pm and somehow it was just 3pm as I drove along the pickup area until I saw a wave of recognition. With Dick and his gear aboard we were off to Marblehead and dinner with Dotty while I told him my plan, such as it was. The offshore forecast for the night was favorable and Dick said he wasn't too tired, so we put the last of the provisions in the truck with our gear and drove to the wharf. Dick unloaded while I rowed out to *Sea Harmony* and brought her in to the float. Then I drove the truck home leaving Dick to load and get acquainted with the boat.

I think it was about 6:30pm when we motored off the float, past the mooring field

12 Days Down East and Back in Sea Harmony

By Thad Danielson
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and headed east. With Dick at the tiller I got the sails up and GPS going. There was a nice southerly breeze that seemed to be filling in, a mile out Dick thought we might shut the engine off for quiet and we did, holding on to our 6kts as we made our way past the islands in Salem Sound and out past Gloucester and Cape Ann. Dropping Cape Ann behind we dropped daylight, too. I had set the GPS on a course for Mount Desert Rock, some 20 miles SE of Mount Desert Island, 140 miles from Cape Ann, and a good course for making Roque Island or tucking in short. I left Dick to feel his way into the Gulf of Maine and went below for a little shuteye.

When I emerged later, maybe 11pm, Dick was ready to get some rest at the end of his long, long day that started in London and left him doing 5kts going NE in the Gulf of Maine. There were the lights of two fishing boats in sight. Soon one of them disappeared over the horizon to the north. The other worked quite close to us and passed astern before turning south, probably for Gloucester. That left me with the stars, the rolling sea, and later the waning moon and Jupiter bright over the waters to the east.

Dick spoke as daylight began to fill the eastern horizon. I was ready for more rest and Dick took over the helm. A couple of hours later I heard Dick say, "Whales!" and got up in time to see the backs of the pair crest and blow a few times before they went their way and we ours. With that I fired up the stove and made breakfast.

We were well offshore over the banks and canyons of the Gulf of Maine. We saw few boats. A couple of offshore lobster boats went out beyond us and a couple of big fast motor yachts headed in, but mostly we had the company of pelagic birds. Wilson's storm petrels were almost always in sight and often fulmars would swoop past, gliding just over the water. Dick was very good at seeing all this life and spoke of visiting the nesting islands of the small petrels and larger fulmars with his ornithologist brother, standing

at night listening to the storm petrels fly in to their nesting burrows. We also saw porpoise, quite a few, both out to sea and inshore, and later a few sharks and many seals.

As morning went on our breeze slowly dropped and with it our progress, even with the topsail now up. Around 10am, with our knot speed down to the low 2s, I started the engine to motorsail, back to 5kts. Around 4pm (I had been back in the sack for a snooze), looking out I could see the wind had returned and with Dick's encouragement showed him how to shut off the engine to sail again. That was the only work the engine did on our passage, the wind holding through the night and into Tuesday.

Monday night continued fair and beautiful. Dick went below early, after I had listened to the weather forecast that spoke of SW winds and seas in the coming days that would make the return from Roque Island, if we held our course, uncomfortable. Hearing that report, I chose discretion over valor and set a course for Mount Desert. Dick, finally taking account of his long Sunday, snored away below while I watched the stars and a freighter that came up astern of us before bearing off to meet its tugboat as we closed with the coast.

The sun rose to illuminate the green and tan islands of granite and spruce that lay before us. Dick spoke and then arose to join the scene as we closed on the Duck Islands that are no more than rocks and Long Island, where we could carry on to Mount Desert with Somes Sound and its other wonders, or we could head around Long and Swans Islands into Blue Hill Bay. I went below for a little rest but soon was stirring when I heard Dick say "porpoise," so I came up for a quick look at the little pod and stayed up to make breakfast and watch the scene we were sailing into.

Dick had seen Mount Desert on a previous trip, and the harbors are busy, while Somes Sound is a wonder, fjord-like, offering few anchorages. On the other hand, I knew the anchorage off *WoodenBoat* at Brooklin was excellent and, with *WoodenBoat* and friends in town, offered all the amenities we might desire, so we made the little turn to port and reached across Blue Hill Bay and around Naskeag Harbor to anchor just outside the *WoodenBoat* mooring field.

Anchored (so I thought), I called our friend Deborah, daughter of a long time neighbor, and we went ashore. Dick wanted to talk to the *WoodenBoat* store manager, Scot, and I walked up to the magazine offices and ran into Karen Wales on the way in, having a little talk with her and editor Matt Murphy, a long time admirer of *Sea Harmony*. Karen had to run, but gave me a tour and left me in the library where I made sure they had all the Albert Strange Association publications, including the *Yearbook* compilations. Back on the boat all seemed fine until a little later Dick noticed that we were dragging anchor, so it was start engine, up anchor, bend on a larger one, motor ahead and try another set, OK. Then Deborah called back, she had asked us to dinner the next evening but changed that to Thursday.

Overnight, as forecast, it was blowing SW, that continued in the morning, quite strong with lots of clouds streaming overhead. After our usual breakfast and ablutions in the *WoodenBoat* campground facility, it was sailing time. I shifted the anchor line to the dinghy, secured to the dinghy

painter, while still on our Samson post but ready to leave the dinghy at anchor. It was blowing 15 to 20, I hoisted jib, main, and mizzen, dropped the mooring, and off we sailed, pointing between the islands out into Eggemoggen Reach.

Eggemoggen Reach separates the southwestern shore of the Blue Hill peninsula from Deer Isle and Little Deer Isle, about 13 miles long and up to two miles across, crossed by a high bridge between Sargentville and Little Deer Isle three miles from its northwestern end. Rounding the northwestern end of Little Deer Isle with a turn to the southwest the waters become part of East Penobscot Bay. A turn to starboard around Cape Rozier leads into the upper bay past Castine and Isleboro into the lower reaches of the Penobscot River.

We didn't make it all that way. Out and reaching up the Reach I saw Benjamin Mendlowitz coming out in his Bahamian runabout. He takes some pictures saying, "Too bad you don't have more sails up." Then, "If you do, I'll hang around." So forestaysail hoisted, topsail out of its lashing to the boom and set, we sailed, tacked, and tacked back as Ben took pictures before a "thank you" buzzing back whence he came. We carried on, under the bridge to the end of the Reach where the breeze left us. We motored across to Cape Rozier where a whole different wind was blowing strong out of the south, great sailing but after a reach across toward Isleboro I thought it time to head back, so it was back to the calm past Cape Rozier and then the SW that was blowing as good as ever in the Reach. Just grand full rig sailing!! Back under the bridge, Russ Mannheimer had the helm of his brother's boat and turned to catch us. Sailing along for a few minutes in company we talk and Julia takes pictures.

Cloudy in the morning, now the sun shone, and here came Ben again. We still had everything up, the wind blew strong and steady, it was perfect for us, good for the photographers as well. The breeze kept getting stronger getting back to the anchorage, but when we headed up to lower the sails everything calmed down. Soon we were back at anchor for the night cooking up supper on the wood stove. The schooner *Lewis French* was anchored nearby and as the sun set a banjo came out and chanties rang across the anchorage.

Thursday we awoke to fog, the only fog we had and all day long. We were invited to Deborah's for dinner. We got a ride to the store for ice and got picked up before we'd walked very far on the way back. In the evening Deborah came for us and we had a pleasant dinner with herself, her daughter, and their three little dogs. With encouragement, Deborah said she might come along Saturday for the race.

Friday was quiet but sunny again. Dick finally got to talk to the *WoodenBoat* store manager, Scot. In the afternoon we had a little reach in the Reach and then came back to the mooring to watch the boats come in for the Saturday race. The Eggemoggen Reach Regatta is the final day of a three-day series of races, Castine to Camden, the Feeder Race from Camden and the ERR, and most of the boats come in to the anchorage off *WoodenBoat* late Friday as they finish that race, so it is quite a spectacle. *Sea Harmony* was there with the ASA pennant flying in the middle of it all. The big Herreshoff P class *Joyant* luffing up to her tender, the steam yacht *Congarda*

was a sight. The sunset through the thickening forest of masts was colorful.

Saturday morning was the skippers' meeting where we were joined by Howard Sharp (ASA member) and Deborah. Then there was the race! The weather was perfect. There were 98 boats. We started first with the other gaffers, crossing the line first but on the leeward end of the line on a broad reach start, so we got blanketed until the whole fleet had passed us. That sort of thing, but what a day for a sail and what a bunch of boats in view!!

Later, when we were about to have dinner I got a call from Deborah (who had gone home) saying, "I like sailing again! Thank you." Through dinner we talked to new friends and old and then watched the awards distribution. When the band began to play we said goodbye to Howard and headed for *Sea Harmony* to sleep with rock and roll lullabies.

Sunday morning dawned another beautiful day. After breakfast and cleanup I was about to head over to visit Wayne and Kirsten Cronin in their Friendship sloop when we saw them coming our way. They were headed through the Thoroughfares (Deer Isle and Fox Island) to their mooring in Rockland. Just the way we were headed, starting to jump back "up" the coast for Marblehead ("down" is east with the prevailing wind, "up" is the return usually against the wind). Kirsten is the daughter of good friends we have known since she was a toddler, the Cronins were at the end of their week's cruise with their two young daughters. We said we'd follow them, and they invited us to stop in Rockland and come to their house for dinner. And so it went, including use of one of their friend's mooring (off cruising) and the best sweet corn of the season.

The next morning we rowed to the dinghy dock, walked the Rockland main street, and had tea, coffee, and talk with an old acquaintance of mine, waiting for the Farnsworth Museum to open the doors to their wonderful picture collection. After that we picked up ice from the Harbormaster and were off for Tenant's Harbor, ten miles away and just outside Penobscot Bay. In Tenant's Harbor we topped up the fuel tank and picked up one of the Tripp rental moorings, where *Sea Harmony* had moored for ten years, until 1986, after she was sailed across from England in 1975 (see *MAIB*, April 2010, "*Sea Harmony* to the US") and sold to Buzz Tripp in Boston. Linda Tripp rowed out and we had a little gam with her before we went ashore for dinner at the local inn.

Tuesday comes after Monday, and we had many rivers to cross. The coast of Maine from Penobscot Bay to Portland is formed of rocky peninsulas and islands reaching out to the south, with rivers flowing into the bays and many capes and points to pass. A look at the charts on these web pages will give you the idea: <http://www.charts.noaa.gov/OnLineViewer/13301.shtml> and <http://www.charts.noaa.gov/OnLineViewer/13293.shtml>.

Leaving Tenant's Harbor early, mostly sailing but with some motor sailing, we got past Cape Small and anchored with time for dinner and sunset before the thunderstorm. The wind was south and moderate, so we motored out past the Islands off Spruce Head before sailing outside the St Georges River and Muscongus Bay to pass Pemaquid Point. Then it was John's Bay, the Damariscotta River, and Boothbay to pass Cape Newagen outside The Cuckolds and Collector's Ledge, ominous names as are many in these

rocky reaches. Then across Sheepscoot Bay to pass the mouth of the Kennebec River inside Seguin Island and its ledges before rounding Small Point into Casco Bay.

We didn't go farther that evening, just around the Point into Small Point Harbor. We had done some 50 miles, leaving another 20 into Portland. I thought we might anchor behind Wood Island, but the rocky bottom made for poor holding so we moved into Tottman Cove. Thunderstorms were forecast, the southerly wind forecast to go north following the frontal passage. After supper and cleanup the black clouds grew overhead and a roll cloud threatened. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed as rain began to fall, slashing across the cove. We had had a long day in the sun and went to bed with lightning on the eye lids, the music of rain on the cabin top, and thunder for timpani.

Wednesday morning we made the 20-mile passage across Casco Bay to Portland, pretty well crossing this chart: <http://www.charts.noaa.gov/OnLineViewer/13290.shtml>. After breakfast we had a slightly bumpy start, bouncing off the corner of a ledge at dead low spring, we were sailing slowly on the very light breeze, no apparent harm done. After that Dick left plenty of leeway between us and the ledges that showed, and wanted to see the close view on the chart plotter, good to do on this rocky coast. It was another beautiful day and still morning as we threaded our way between the islands into Portland Harbor, slowing to let a tanker dock before crossing to the floats of Portland Yacht Services, where the Maine Boat Builders Show takes place in March. They welcomed us and let us tie up to their service float for the night.

First, however, I checked in at the office and we walked the shorefront streets of Portland, eating lunch at a Cuban restaurant in a trendy back alley. Back at the boat, Phin Sprague, the yard owner, came down for a good look at *Sea Harmony* and then gave us a tour of his boats in the sheds. In the morning I had talked (cell phone) to another friend in Portland and he had invited us to dinner in the evening, so there came Steven Bauer and his son Gavin, fresh from a carpentry job, tracking us down in the shed. After a little talk and "thank you!" to Phin, it was off to dinner. Another good home cooked meal, with talk of many things, including our cruising menu, as the Bauers were to leave Friday on their own cruise in the way we had just come. With a stop for ice we were back aboard and ready for sleep, hardly aware of the ferry wakes rocking the boat.

Thursday I planned to make the 70-mile passage from Portland to Gloucester so when I woke up before dawn I started the engine (did that wake Dick?) and got ready to cast off. Off we went, past Cape Elizabeth and away. The light southerly breeze was enough to motorsail 5 knots at half throttle but not enough to push us above 3 without the engine. We did sail a little, but I did have hopes of anchoring in Gloucester before dark. We saw the usual birds, but no beasts, and just rolled along until finally Cape Ann showed ahead. We came past Thatcher's Island and saw the sun set over East Gloucester before coming around the breakwater, through the outer harbor to the anchorage in the inner harbor. After a little shifting around to get comfortable among the other boats, it was dinner and bunks for us.

Friday, and now only ten miles from home, we walked Gloucester and stopped at

a tea shop for a while, waiting for the Cape Ann Museum to open. After having a good look at their wonderful little collection of pictures (including a large group by Fitz Hugh Lane) and things (including a Gloucester sloop sailed in 39 days from Gloucester to Portugal by fingerless Howard Blackburn in 1901). Then it was back to *Sea Harmony* for our motor passage in nearly calm conditions back to Marblehead. Unloaded at one of the town floats, I brought *Sea Harmony* back to her mooring and rowed in, walked to get the truck, and Dotty came back with me to the wharf to collect Dick and all the gear.

The next morning we were up by 5am and out shortly after 6am, getting Dick to

the airport for his flight scheduled to leave around 9am. Altogether a wonderful and successful cruise!

Three weeks later: September began with hurricane warnings. I was signed up to do the Gloucester Schooner Festival race on Saturday and a hurricane was expected to blow through Friday night. The race committee was talking like they would cancel the race, so I cancelled my mooring reservation and didn't sail to Gloucester Friday, but the hurricane avoided us and Saturday dawned bright and windy. My neighbor, Bill Larkin, planned to sail the race with me and needed a break from work, so it didn't take any urging to get him aboard *Sea Harmony*

for a sail, and where to go but Gloucester. The wind was blowing out of the west so we got to Gloucester in less than two hours in time to find out that the race was on. The race was on, but few showed up. Fortunately one other gaffer did come out, so we had a race, wet and lively with the wind blowing steady over 20kts, swells from the hurricane sliding in against the wind-built chop. Plenty to distract Bill from his heavy schedule. I tied in our reef for the first time. And we won the race. Getting home was a slow motor into the wind and sea, but good *Sea Harmony* fun.

(Thad's *Sea Harmony* is a 33' gaff rigged yawl designed by Albert Strange. Thad is US representative for the Albert Strange Association.)

Canoes And Canoeing

To give an unexceptionable dictionary definition of a canoe is, nowadays, no easy task. To hear large boats, yacht rigged, heavily ballasted, and able to carry five, six, or more passengers, called canoes might lead one to imagine that anything in the way of a boat, and sharp at both ends may be rightly so termed. The possession of a canoe stern, as it is called, does not of itself constitute a boat a canoe. The term "Canoe Yawl" has lately been introduced to include the larger boats which somewhat resemble canoes; but even this is not entirely satisfactory, for the boats are not canoes and very many of them are not yawls.

The chief canoe club in this country, the Royal Canoe Club, thus classifies canoes. A first class canoe must not exceed 16' in length, with a maximum beam of 30" for that length, the beam may be increased 1/8" for every 1" of length decreased; but the length may not be decreased below 12', nor the beam below 28". Second class canoes may not have less beam than 26". There are also regulations as to ballast, centre-plates, and sail area, while outboard deck seats are forbidden. These measurements, however, only refer to canoes for the club races and not as to what is and what is not a canoe.

Dixon Kemp defines a canoe as "a vessel propelled with a paddle or with sail, by a person or persons facing forward; she is a vessel capable of navigating shallow water as well as open rough water; and she is a vessel not too large or heavy for land portage by two men when her ballast and stores have been removed." With regard to this it may be observed that, nowadays, oars and folding rowlocks have become very common, even in small canoes, and the deck-seat position for sailing is general, therefore the canoeist does not face forward during either method of progression.

Again, "shallow" and "portage" require definition themselves. How shallow? For a Norfolk wherry would fit this part of the definition. What is portage? Does it mean merely lifting as would seem from the next sentence in Mr Kemp's book? Even if so, the Vital Sparks and the other boats he calls Mersey Sailing Canoes must be re-named; while if the word means carry round a rapid, or past a lock, they need be two strong men who portage some of the canoes of today.

British canoes are decked over and are classed according to various types, named after the first boats constructed on the different designs. The chief models are: the Rob Roy, a light, short boat with no sheer and chiefly suited for paddling; the Nautilus, a wider boat with rising floor, much sheer, and a rockered keel, adapted for sailing; the

Camping Out with the British Canoe Union Chapter II

By John Davey Hayward MD
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"On the great stream the ships may go
About men's business to and fro;
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters, ankle deep.
I, whose diminutive design
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch; a land withhold;
I, the unnamed, inviolate
Green rustic rivers navigate;
My dipping paddle scarcely shakes
The berry in the bramble-brakes.
Still forth on my green way I wend;
Beside the cottage garden end:
And by the nested angler fare,
And take the lovers unaware.
By willow, wood, and water-wheel
Speedily fleets my touching keel;
By all retired and shady spots
Where prosper dim forget-me-nots."

Robert Louis Stevenson

Ringleader, longer than the Rob Roy; and the Pearl, with a flatter floor than the Nautilus. Perhaps a better classification is that

of Dixon Kemp's into paddling and sailing canoes; the latter again being divided into paddleable-sailing and sailable-paddling.

Next to Mr John Macgregor (Rob Roy), Messrs Baden Powell (Nautilus) and Tredwen (Pearl) have done most towards the evolution of the modern British canoe. These two gentlemen, not only by the designs, rigs, and fittings they have developed, but also by their skill in the practical handling of their boats, have done much to popularize and improve the sport in this country.

The R.C.C. and the Mersey C.C. recognize a class for Canoe Yawls, which they define thus: length overall not exceeding 20'; beam not less than 3'; depth from upper side of deck to under side of keel, measured at any point, not exceeding 3'; rating not to exceed 0.5 (length x sail area/6,000); no ballast outside or below the garboards, excepting centre-plate or drop keel; no transom or counter-stern. This would include the Mersey Sailing Canoes, a huge class of sailing boats which may reach 20' in length, 5'6 in beam, and 2'6" inches depth, with 8cwt or more ballast, and considerable passenger accommodation; although it is to be observed that the Vital Sparks are excluded, as they have lead keels.

The larger class of boats is becoming very popular in this country, especially on the Mersey and Humber. Very handy and comfortable boats they are, but it is to be hoped their popularity will not diminish the demand for canoes, for the canoe proper is a more suitable boat for inland work, including cruises on rivers, canals, lakes, and similar waters where an occasional portage may be required and where sailing is frequently impossible.

This is not the place to discuss build or rig, nor to dilate upon the pleasure and health to be derived from the sport of canoeing. Since 1865, when Rob Roy launched his first canoe, and especially since his entertaining books were published, the sport has become popular in England, and still more so in America and Canada. The sailing cruising canoe of the present day, the poor man's yacht as it has been called, affords in our opinion the best all round sport of any boat that swims. On deck in a fresh breeze there is excitement enough for anybody; sitting below and paddling down a river there is sufficient security for the most timid.

The writer has sailed in many different kinds of craft at home and abroad, and has himself owned many varieties during the years he has taken pleasure in no other for of sport than boating. For the delight of sailing for sailing's sake, the gaudia navigationis, he prefers a British sailing canoe to any clipper yacht or sailing boat afloat. In no other vessel



are craft and crew so in sympathy; in none is there such a sense not only directing the energy of the flying body, but of being the thing itself actually skimming over the tide. Only a bird can know what a canoeist feels in a sailing canoe on a wind sitting on deck with the foot under the opposite coaming, the fall of the sheet in one hand, and the tiller in the other, a fresh breeze on the cheek, and a little popple on the briny.

What is there in this world, lovely women excepted, to equal for beauty a white-winged canoe? A racing cutter under full sail is a glorious sight, but, in her own way, the clipper yacht's humble sister, the sailing canoe, is no less beautiful, and has the additional charm we associate with the tiny in nature. No doubt many a good amateur sailor sails in ugly craft, with dingy sails, and with fittings rough and ready; and many a dingy old hooker has sailed in ahead of a fleet of more handsome vessels at the close of a hard sailed race. None the less smartness, tidiness, and cleanliness is rightly the desire of most men who own a boat, however small or cheap she may be. A canoeist would rather hear his boat's praise than his own.

It is all very well for the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" to advise that:

"True to our course, though our shadow
grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs
the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore."

But the amateur seaman is very

concerned as to how he looks from the shore. There must be clean sails properly trimmed, with no Irish pennants trailing aloft, no lines towing below for the smallest boat may be shipshape.

Canoeing is not a summer pursuit alone. Even in winter paddling is generally, and sailing often, possible; while in the dark long evenings the canoeist has rigging to be done, designs and fittings to be considered, logs to be written up, camp fires to be arranged for, lantern slides to be looked at or prepared: while many a bonnie boatie has been built during the off season by its future crew.

Much nonsense has been uttered about the danger of canoeing. The boats are generally lifeboats, and even if upset can be righted, re-entered, and bailed. Of course, the canoeist should be able to swim, but so should everyone. It is not at all a necessity to the sport ever to upset: we know canoeists of over 15 years' standing, constantly afloat at all times of the year and all the year round, who have never been upset: but, should such an accident occur there is no harm beyond a wetting. Of what other craft can this be said? It has been the writer's fate to be capsized in various craft, always due to his own carelessness or that of others: he has vivid recollections of the comparative safety of an upturned canoe to other capsized craft.

On the Mersey the little canoes are seen out at all seasons. With spars housed and lashed, and apron on, they will live in really heavy seas under paddle, and it must be pretty stiff when they can't sail with some bit

of a rag showing. A canoeist who has practiced upsetting, righting, and climbing into his canoe, has little to dread from an accidental capsize. In what other craft does the crew upset for the mere pleasure of so doing? In what other clubs is capsizing an intentional incident in races held at their regattas?

Again, whoever heard of a canoeist being drowned? I don't refer under the term "canoeist" to the men who think it looks easy enough and who stands on the side of the coaming when getting in, or who imagines you have only to pull some strings, up goes the sail, and off you go. To him who will take some little trouble to understand his boat and the elements of sailing, and who will paddle before he sails, and sail with a small sail before he emulates the racer's spread, the sport is safe enough. The cherub aloft pays special attention to canoeists, as he must have felt who inscribed on his canoe the verse:

"They say that I am small and frail,
And cannot live in stormy seas:

It may be so, yet every sail
Makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze;
Nor strength, nor size can hold them fast,
But fortune's favour, heaven's decree.

Let others trust in oars and mast,
But may the gods take care of me."

As an instance of how slightly the canoeist rates a capsize we may relate the following. At a regatta of the Mersey Canoe Club, one of the sailing races was from Tranmere to Eastham, on the Mersey. There was a stiffish breeze blowing and most of the boats of the competing fleet were under small sail

or reefed. One of the members, however, showed symptoms of starting with full sail, "You are never going to take that sail today," said our genial captain and starter.

"Why, certainly!" was the reply.

"You can't possibly carry it, man!"

Now whether this remark, acting on the contrariness of human nature, determined our friend to take that sail, or whether he had previously made his mind up to that attempt, we know not; but off he went with it all standing. Several times, between Tranmere and Eastham was he blown clean over; three times did he right his craft, crawl in again, re-hoist that ridiculous sail, and continue the voyage, scorning both help and advice. He did not win the race, but as he passed the mark-boat he was heard to console himself with the enquiry "Who said I couldn't carry that sail?"

Canoeing is a form of boat sailing that requires both practice and some natural gift before a man can become an expert. It is well for the intending canoeist, if possible, to learn the rudiments of the art in some other form of craft; in one in which a little tardiness in the necessary manoeuvres is not so readily punished as it is in sailing a canoe.

We know men who have spent many a holiday canoeing who have never become decent sailors; they are, many of them, admirable paddlers and campers, and are enthusiastic about canoeing, but sailors they will never make, it is not in them. They have not the instinct that tells the expert when the ship is out of trim, when she is off the wind, or when everything is drawing its best or they lose heart when the canoe heels, down sail, and resort to the trusty paddle. However no one knows how skilful a canoe sailor he may become with patience and practice; there are many examples of beginners, after only a few trials afloat, carrying off racing cups from old hands who have served a life-long apprenticeship to the sport.

A canoe is one of the most difficult of sailing boats to manage, and experienced yacht and boat sailors may be all at sea in a canoe. We remember inviting a man who did not know what fear was when aboard "a boat that is a boat" to join us in a sail. As soon as he saw the kind of craft in which he was expected to go afloat, and observed the apparent flightiness of her behaviour under sail, he remarked that there was not money enough in Liverpool to induce him to go aboard. A canoe under sail appears to the onlooker much less under control than she really is. The readiness with which she heels to the varying strength of the breeze, and the nearness of her crew to the water, give her an appearance of instability, very strange to the eye of the sailor (professional or amateur), who is only accustomed to stiffer craft. This appearance is increased by the crew being proportionately so much larger than in any other form of boat "That's suicide, that is," we were lately told by the anchor watch of a coasting schooner, past which we were sailing. Little did he imagine that he, good easy man, ran much greater risk every time his crazy hulk bore him "up along?"

To the beginner it is valuable, and almost necessary, to go out a few times with some more experienced canoeist to teach him "the ropes." For this purpose a double canoe or a canoe-yawl is useful; if these be not available, the instructor may paddle within hail. It is one of the chief advantages of canoe clubs

that the young canoeist joining such a body, can always find friendly members to show him the rudiments of the art, and to accompany him a few times in case of emergency.

It is, however, worse than useless to give the novice advice in the shape of a string of technical terms, such for instance: "Never been out before! Oh, there's nothing in it, this is the main halliard, you pull that and up goes the sail, cleat it, take the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other, keep her full, and there you are!" It was full of such judicious advice that the writer first went afloat; he had some idea of the "strings", but never having been in a sailing boat of any kind before, he knew nothing of the actual management of a canoe under sail. However, it sounded ridiculously simple, for, of course, "in the puffs you just luff her up, sit well out to windward, and ease the mainsheet; keep her to the wind, but, if you get off the wind, for Heaven's sake don't gybe."

The writer imagines he believed luffing to consist in pulling in the string called the sheet; and he remembers that, as he did not know what a gybe was, he felt confident he could not do it. After paddling well away from critical eyes, he hoisted sail, and even today he can recall the sense of bewildered amazement with which he regarded the fuss such a proceeding entailed. The canoe rushed wildly about, and began describing circles, over which the startled novice had no control whatever; he was too confused to uncleat the halliard and drop the sail, so he hurriedly thought over his nautical aphorisms.

There was but little time for consideration, he determined, however, not to "gybe," but to "prepare to luff." There was a strong breeze, and the canoe, by some arrangement or other, had now got the wind abeam, and was lying well over; this was evidently the time for action, so the sheet was firmly hauled in. The result was so unsatisfactory that the further measure of sitting out to windward was thought necessary, and would have been carried out had he not been fairly chucked out to leeward; and cold enough is half an hour in the Mersey in the month of April, for he had not learned to get back on board, so had to hold on until rescued. Thus endeth the first lesson, and in a day or two we were afloat again.

What makes canoe sailing a specialty is the fact that, with this craft, the constant tending of the mainsheet is as important as the attention to the tiller, while in no other boat is the personal balancing of the crew, as shifting ballast, of so much importance in proportion to the initial stability of the vessel itself. When sailing in larger craft, even in large yachts, the canoeist has the feeling that the mainsheet ought to be loose, and he is inclined instinctively to lean his puny weight to windward whenever the vessel heels.

Running before the wind is, we consider, the canoe's weak point. She readily runs under, and with her low freeboard, the boom soon catches the water as she rolls, both risky events. A gybe commonly either finds the crew in the way of the boom, or carries this spar forward of the mast, where the leverage may soon roll the canoe over. Almost every canoe capsized the writer has witnessed or heard of has been when before the wind. In anything in the way of a breeze, even an intentional gybe in a canoe is something to anticipate with interest, and to look back on with relief.

Canoe Yawls

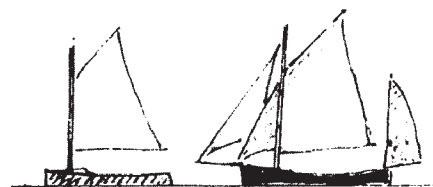
In a chapter on canoeing something may be written about the variety of boats included in the class of the canoe yawls. These boats resemble canoes in their shape and build, and in the character of much of their work. Having little draught, they can be navigated on rivers and inland waters, and, having keels or centre-boards, they are seaworthy boats about harbours, rivers, and estuaries, and even on more open waters. A canoe yawl is almost as easily rowed as a canoe is paddled; true, it cannot be so easily carried ashore, or dragged round obstacles, or taken by train, as the canoe proper; on the other hand, it is a better sailer, and allows of two or more sailing together.

Talking, idling, and moving about are more easily managed when several friends are seated in a canoe yawl; the position is less cramped, and meals can be better prepared than when the men are divided up in the separate canoes in the form of a little fleet. A boat tent is readily erected on the yawl, and two or more may sleep in comfort afloat. On a cruise, or where the camp is a movable one, this does away with the labour of frequently pitching and striking shore tents. A canoe yawl affords sport resembling that obtained both in a canoe and in a yacht; with, however, some of the special advantages of both these forms of craft omitted. It is not independent of wind and tide as a canoe, nor so safe if upset, and it lacks the weatherliness and accommodation of a yacht.

Two, three, or more men may go for a quite long cruise, coastwise, in a canoe yawl; but such close and constant companionship requires more good temper and comradeship than does a cruise in larger vessels. There is no chance of retiring to the cabin for a smoke or a sulk; no secure corner in which to be quiet or sick. Sometimes there is hard work to be done, sometimes a spice of danger to be faced, often a disappointment to be supported; and unless the crew be "jolly companions, every one," rows will be frequent. In small boat sailing, as much as in any sport, the best laid schemes "aft gang agly," or astray, or how ever the Scottish bard may express it; and, like Mark Tapley, its votary must be jolly under all circumstances. We believe that if you can go a cruise with a man in a canoe yawl without a rumpus, your friendship will stand any strain likely to be thrown on it ashore; a most mild and agreeable man at tennis, or in the social circle, may prove an irritable and cranky nuisance afloat.

The writer well remembers one of the most enjoyable cruises he ever made was in a canoe yawl. As an illustration of the all-round work these little boats are suitable for, it may perhaps be permitted him to give a short account of this voyage.

(To Be Continued)



Did this heading catch your eye? I thought it would. Now that I have your undivided attention, let me tell you how I accomplished this.

Obviously the first requirement is to own a sailboat, and since you who are reading this are already very discerning readers of *Messing About in Boats*, I'm certain that many of you have such an item available. In my own case, owning a sailboat with a red hull and a beige colored deck and cabin was paramount to the success of this undertaking. Other hull colors might work as well, but my experience is limited to the hull I had at hand, and that was a red one.

Next a heavy, very dependable mooring in a nice little harbor is needed, very close to a dangerous reef. The harbor I used was West Harbor, on Fisher's Island, New York.

Then some visiting, not very skilled and proficient at anchoring, sailors are needed, in this particular case they were beginning sailors on their first big cruise in their brand new sailboat. These people didn't know the dangers lurking in Connecticut waters during summer nights, nor had they put out sufficient scope on their anchor rode to take care of sudden weather changes, 180° wind shifts, and tidal changes.

As the sun goes down over Fisher's Island, the normal daytime wind dies down and the evening calm sets in. All is then quiet and peaceful. Sailors on other boats sit in their cockpits sheltered by their dodgers enjoying the evening harbor tranquility. Gradually as the moon rises higher, one by one they disappear down below into their cozy cabins and settle in for the night.

Katharina, my First Mate, and I finally turned in as well. After years of head scratching I had finally succeeded in making a beautiful, very practical, double bed in our Tripp-Lentsch 29, by turning the berth mattresses 90° which became sheer bliss for harbor sleeping. It was a warm night so we crawled into our bliss-bed without clothing, cuddled up next to each other, and went to sleep.

Hours later I awoke when I heard the rumble of thunder. I felt our boat rolling as the wind increased, and it was jerking on our mooring pennant. Lightning flashes lit up the outside world like high powered strobe lights. When the lightning flashed I could see everything in the harbor as if it was daylight.

Our shrouds had started singing their wind song, which meant that the wind speed was in the 35mph range. Our halyards, that I hadn't cleated off, were rapping on the mast, urging me to stick my head out of the companionway to see what was going on and to ensure that all was well. The halyard noise meant that I also had to go on deck to cleat off the halyards so that we could sleep peacefully and not have our sleep interrupted by halyards slapping the mast in what old sailors called "The Devil's Tattoo." That's a captain's responsibility.

I lifted my wife's arm off my bare shoulders and got out of bed. She awoke and wanted to know if everything was OK. I told her I was going out to check and also to tie off the halyards. I climbed up the companionway steps, naked as I was, for a look-see. To the port side of the companionway I had installed a small shelf to hold my eyeglasses or my sunglasses. I put on my eyeglasses and went into the cockpit, sitting behind the dodger for protection from the rain. We had a full width dodger over the companionway on our boat, so I could sit in the companionway entrance,

Sex Appeal by the Sea

How to Meet a Gorgeous Woman in a Secluded Place Using Only a Nice Red Sailboat

By Connie Benneck
(Connecticut)

naked, but out of the rain and wind, and get a good look at what was happening.

Outside all hell had broken loose. It was a typical late summer night, severe thunderstorm. The wind was blowing around 30-35mph. The lightning flashes showed waves with white caps all over West Harbor and far out on Fisher's Island Sound, too. Then the heavy rain came. A quick check of our mooring, which was about 100' from the reef at the entrance to West Harbor, showed that all was well for our vessel. The mooring pennant wasn't chafing, and aside from the halyards banging on the mast everything was OK.

It was quite a scene. I sat there for a few minutes absorbed in Nature's sound and fury, in her noise and light show. Then I noticed a blue hulled sailboat ahead of us, obviously dragging its anchor, heading slowly towards us, and aiming directly towards the reef. This boat was now beginning to slide past us, close enough so that I could reach over, grab their railing and hold on. I pounded on their deck and after a short period of silence a beautiful woman, who I later learned was named Nancy, popped out of their companionway hatch wearing a teensy-weensy baby-doll nightgown. Almost half way to there... but not quite!

I yelled at her to get me a spring line as I hung onto their boat. She did, and we got that on her aft cleat and our forward cleat. Their boat was now stopped and wasn't going any further towards the reef. Nancy then got me a second spring line which was cleated to both boats. Next came a bow line and finally a stern line.

With the pouring rain her baby-doll nightgown was soaked in an instant and became totally transparent. It was the epitome of college boy dreams of wet t-shirt contests on the beaches in Florida on spring break. Nancy's body was beautifully delineated by her wet baby-doll nightgown. But things were so hectic at that moment, I didn't really have a chance, or the time, to admire all that was in front of me.

Nancy, as soon as she had seen what was happening, had hollered to her husband to come up and lend a hand, but his voice from their cabin answered, "I haven't got any clothes on. I'll be up as soon as I put on my pants and shoes." When we heard that we both looked at each other, me totally naked, and she nearly so, slightly covered with the wet baby-doll nightgown, which enhanced her nakedness and allure, and we laughed out loud.

We still had a bit more to do before we could settle down again for the remainder of the night. I asked Nancy to get out a fender, which she did, and I got one, too. As I was leaning over and adjusting the positioning of the fenders, my eyeglasses slid off my head and went "plop" into the water between our boats. "Plop" is really a gross exaggeration. With the noise of the wind singing in the rigging, the halyards rapping on the aluminum

mast, wave noise, the grinding of the hulls on the fenders, the noise the eyeglasses had just made going overboard was totally insignificant. I really didn't hear it at all. I just noticed that they were gone.

Now with fenders in place between our boats, with the mooring lines properly adjusted, and their boat rafted securely to ours, it was time for proper introductions. There we stood, on our respective decks, both of us virtually naked, about two feet apart. The very dangerous moments for their boat, a short while ago, had passed. Now they were safe.

Nancy thanked me for noticing their predicament and for saving them from winding up on the reef because their anchor had dragged. By now lightning flashes showed the reef covered by breaking waves and, as the excitement of the past moments ebbed, we were both standing in the pouring rain, laughing at how we looked to each other and how we had just met. As we chatted, with the wind still blowing hard, the rain pouring down, and the lightning illuminating everything, Nancy's husband finally appeared on deck.

He was properly attired in creased sun-tan trousers, unmarked Sperry Topsider boat shoes, and a knit polo shirt with the logo of their Greenwich Yacht Club on the pocket, ready to assist as needed. He wanted to know what all the fuss had been about, why Nancy had yelled for help, and why they were now tied up to the red-hulled sailboat.

Nancy explained what had happened and how the naked, dripping wet gentleman standing there on the red-hulled boat, had saved them and their boat from making a dangerous acquaintanceship with the reef and its breaking waves that he could now see, right there! His answer was, "OH!"

By now, besides being soaking wet, Nancy and I were getting quite chilled by all the wind. It was time to call it a night, go below, dry off, climb back into a nice warm berth, and cuddle up with someone that was still nice and warm, and get warm again. For some strange reason, my First Mate wasn't very enthused with my chilled body next to her nice warm one. She pushed me away and made me stay over on my side of the berth until I had warmed sufficiently to become her warm cuddly captain again.

In the morning, Nancy (in clothes) with her husband (in clothes) and we (in clothes) had breakfast together in our cockpit. We exchanged names and addresses. Nancy was sorry that I had lost my glasses during their rescue and asked me to get a new pair and send her the bill.

Later Nancy and her husband departed West Harbor, heading for their final destination, Block Island, before returning to their home port of Greenwich, Connecticut. After they had departed, with the sunshine promising another great sailing day, I put on my swim fins and diving mask and searched the harbor bottom for my glasses. They had to be on a radius that we were swinging on during the night. After several dives I found them and brought them back on board, much to the amazement of my First Mate.

That is how I got to meet a very pretty, seductive almost totally naked girl using a red hulled Tripp-Lentsch sailboat. And I got her name, address, and telephone number with her husband's blessing as well! I can't say that sailboats with different colored hulls will work as well as our red-hulled one did. You'll just have to give it a try.



It was late morning by the time we installed the newly refurbished rudder on our 18½' Cape Dory *Moon Jelly*, the name seemed too poignant as my cousin Josh, in the water, makes me cringe every time he gets stung by jelly fish (I'm told they were a different species than moon jelly). We were on our annual visit to my cousin's in Annapolis, Maryland, on Chesapeake Bay.

With rudder finally on and excitement in the air, we loaded the cooler and were off. We had a little trouble raising the main as the hank, second from the top, stuck. Josh climbed up and got it as far as it was going to go. I asked, "Do you think it will come down to in a hurry if we need it down?"

The sky to the west was looking darker. A large sailboat was motoring in. A guy on deck was yelling to us, something about a storm coming. Much later I could see it in his face, he was really trying to get his message across to us. Instead, I held up my beer and gave him the peace sign. But I did give it some thought. "Blah, blah, the world is ending, the end is near, blah, blah." He should have said, "Expect a 62mph gust!" Now that would have got my attention.

So we head out for three or four more minutes and I asked Josh what he thought, he thought we could outrun it. I thought we couldn't outrun this if we were flying a Cessna! We turned around. Shoot, man, I just wanted to sail a little. We headed in and I now realized that we were going to get spanked, **HARD!!**

I told Josh he'd better start the engine. We motor sailed in as far and as fast as we could. Josh was at the helm and my son Reiner was looking into the face of hell not knowing what was about to happen. He'd never seen weather like this and I told him, "Don't be scared, but this is going to get ugly."

"I'm not scared," he said, but I knew that he was going to be, and so would I!

I was standing in the hatchway, ready to drop the main, Man, we didn't have much time, this thing was moving in really, really fast! Reiner yelled out, "Dad, look, a tornado!" About 500 yards south of us a water-spout touched down, lifting dark brackish water high into the air, it looked like dirt. I thought, "Thank God we're not there!"

I looked to the channel to the west. "Holy shit," dark green sky and a wall of

Summer Squall

By Ralph Gucinski
(July 25, 2010)



water coming right at us less than 100 yards away, 3' to 5' waves and what looked like a 3' to 5' layer of fog on top. It was water picked right up by the wind. Seconds later we were on our beam ends. This was bad. For a moment, I thought that Reiner was going to jump ship. I kept yelling at him, "Stay on the boat!" I thought now he was as scared as I had ever seen him and he doesn't scare easily. He kept yelling, "Dad... Dad!" but I made him go below and put on his life vest.

Josh, 19, is like a statue bolted to the deck at the helm, rock solid, doing his best to keep us pointed high into the wind (I love that kid!), The spray actually hurt. I know that pain from going 60mph on my motorbike!

We were using the tiller and our 4.4hp outboard. I tried to get the sail gaskets for the main to stay on the boom. Reiner was praying, I handed him loose things from the cockpit, glasses, cooler, beer can. He said, "...Dad, there is a wasp in here and he's kinda pissed." I could only say, "Reiner, you need to kill him!" I was on my knees in the cockpit trying to secure the main again!

The wind noise in the rigging was a like a sound I've heard in old movies, a scary high-pitched whistling, a sound I will never forget. Next a giant slug of water caught the main, its weight and wind was heeling us over, and now the motor was revving because the prop was way out of the water. Reiner swatted the wasp right onto my lap...

"Choices, people! We all have choices." As I got the water out of the sail, *Moon Jelly* righted. Now I could deal with the wasp. If he stings me in my crotch we are going to be in real trouble!

I just about had the sail under control, it needed one more tie, anything would do, Reiner handed me the canvas tiller cover, perfect. I tied down that last billowing pocket in the sail! Wham! Over one more time, not so bad this time, it lasted about five seconds, still plenty scary! "Dad, someone's texting you. They're worried. Do you want your phone?" Seriously, did Captain Slocum have this problem? I'm just a little busy right at the moment! "Tell 'em we're alive!" Texting, Jeesh!

Finally we were under control. Steering with tiller and motor, we kept the boat into the wind and were crudely navigating the channel. "We made it!" But now there was lightning everywhere. I thought, "God, we made it out of hell, please don't finish us off now." It was raining very, very hard. Knowing the worst was over, Josh said, "the good news is, that it's right over us, somehow. Hey!" he says, half laughing, half still in shock, "I saw the keel! The bottom of the keel!"

"Wow," I thought, "WOW!" I remember getting slammed and looking at the compass and saw a 40 degree heel angle but we were way way beyond that! Later Josh said, "Next time we'll listen to that guy who said that the world is ending," and we all laughed. I think Reiner became a man that day, I learned a new respect for Josh and the seaworthiness of the Cape Dory Typhoon. But most important let's not EVER, EVER underestimate Mother Nature's bad temper. The power and speed of those Chesapeake Bay squalls can totally change your day.

On shore we realized this was an adventure that my son Reiner, Josh, and I would certainly never forget. I recalled that the rudder wasn't going to be ready when I got there. "Oh well," I thought, and kiddingly said to Josh, "We'll just use a piece of plywood." He said he liked my sense of adventure, little did he know that we were going to have THE one! Little did I know that I was going to learn a very important lesson in sailing.

When I learned to fly I learned the importance of having respect for nature, in flight. Respect for nature... remember that!

The Squall

Joshua, age 20
Skipper of the *Moon Jelly*

It was a perfect sailing day until I looked behind us and saw them, huge black and green storm clouds. Seeing them, we decided to turn around and head back in before it got bad; little did we know that this storm was one of the worst to hit the bay. As soon as we passed the first marker for the Mill Creek channel, the wind picked up, the storm was just in front of us. We could see the wall of rain coming for us, when it hit Mother Nature played with us like we were a toy boat in a bath tub and Mother Nature was a three-year-old kid. We got thrown left and right and could not keep the bow into the wind. Then a 5' wave hit our starboard side. It and the wind pushed us over 60 or 70 degrees. I could clearly see the bottom of the keel. I decided to fall off and get into the deeper water of the channel, grounding now would really mean trouble.

When we got out into deeper water I tried again to put the bow into the wind, but even with the rudder and the little 4.4hp engine we achieved little or nothing. The

rain was blown sideways and the wind literally picked up the water and threw it into our faces. The water tasted salty at first, and then fresh after enough rain hits us.

We didn't track the time, but after 15 minutes of fighting for our lives the wind slowly lessened, we were finally able to maintain course and navigate the channel safely. Once we were in the creek the rain stopped, the storm behind us moved east.

My Sailing Story The Squall

By Reiner Gucinski, age 14

First, there was no wind at all. We had to motor. As we were leaving the creek, a dude yelled at us, "There's a storm coming! Go back!" But it didn't look bad, so we ignored him and kept going. A little further out the clouds moved in. Fast. We were still heading out, but the sky just kept getting darker and darker. Soon, my dad said, "We better turn around and head in." As we headed back in, a motorboat went by us crazy fast! We decided

to drop the main and motor. The wind was already pretty bad, but then the squall hit. It was scary! We could see a wall of pure water heading toward us. It looked as if the horizon was just getting closer and closer. My cousin had his sunglasses on the whole time, so much did the rain sting his face. A couple of times the boat heeled so far over that the compass didn't even have a reading. My dad just kept yelling, "STAY IN THE BOAT!"

After the second big wave, I went below and put on a life jacket and said a small prayer. I got tossed around a lot but it was not too bad. I stuck my head out and looked to the left and saw what looked like sand being whipped around. It was bay water! It was the beginning of a water spout! I just put my head down and told myself "bear with it." I could hear the motor revving out of the water and my dad yelling, "Watch out for that pole!" I just tried to be calm and then it settled down a little bit. Soon it was just raining.

We made it back to the dock and went up to tell our story to the whole family. We checked the wind, the highest wind gust was 62mph. It was the craziest sailing experience I have ever had. I'm glad it happened though. It was a good experience. I can't wait till next year so we can have another adventure.



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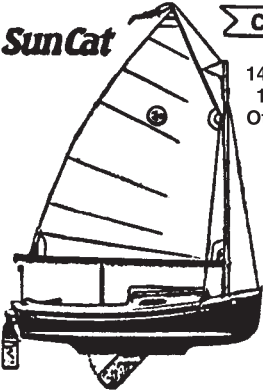
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I sail single-handed on my 23' Pearson Ensign sailboat on Fishers Island Sound on many of the good sailing days of the spring, summer, and fall. The joy of setting out on the water by myself is exhilarating but with an inkling of trouble as I'm sure it is with many single-handers. I am retired so the time is my own and the beautiful environs make cruising all the more desirable. I like to sail alone. My wife Fay sometimes comes as crew but I feel the Sound is to me like "the other girl" and I feel rather jealous to have to share her with anyone. My departures are all made from my pile mooring in the Groton Long Point, Connecticut, lagoon, a shallow saltwater pond filled with resident slips and moorings.

One of my first "sightseeing" cruises made in 1988, after the purchase of my Ensign, was to visit Fishers Island, a neighboring island two or three miles across Fishers Island Sound. Fishers Island is about seven miles long and two miles wide at its widest point. Fishers Island (years ago spelled Fisher's) runs west to east and is shaped much like a swimming eel with the head facing west toward eastern Long Island and the tail to the Atlantic Ocean in the east. Through the western passage, called the Race, rush the waters of Long Island Sound to the Atlantic Ocean.

The sparkling waters of Fishers Island Sound have beckoned mariners for over a millennium. About two miles wide and eight miles long, the waters of the Sound wash ashore in the east at Napatree Point, Watch Hill, Rhode Island, in the west at New London, Connecticut, in the north along the Connecticut shore at Stonington, Masons Island, Mystic, Noank, and Groton Long Point, and in the south at Fishers Island. A necklace of islands, "clumps," hammocks, "dumplings," and reefs border the Sound making "local knowledge" essential for sailing and racing.

Norsemen may have explored the Sound about 1,000AD. Lief, son of Eric the Red, sailed from Greenland and reached the head of Narragansett Bay. Subsequent Nordic expeditions sailed farther south and most likely navigated these waters. In 1614 Adrian Block was the first explorer to mention Fishers Island. He departed from Manhattan Island on *Orrust* or *Restless*, a 40' boat, to explore Long Island Sound and Fishers Island Sound. His original vessel was lost in a fire. How the name Fishers Island was given will probably always remain doubtful. Block may have named it after a friend or it may be named for the occupation of the natives.

More than 500 years before Columbus set sail from Spain, Native Americans plied these waters in small craft. An archaeological dig revealed an Indian encampment on the island dating back to the 10th century. In 1640 and 1641 John Winthrop, Jr (later governor of Connecticut) applied to the General Court of Massachusetts and to Hartford for ownership of land along the Connecticut shore, including Fishers Island. After this was granted he sailed to England for two years to organize an iron works for the new territory. On his return he purchased the title to Fishers Island from the Indians.

The island can be a wild and rocky place under adverse conditions, but this day it was meek and mild under the best conditions. With my lunch of a peach, cheese, and water aboard, I left the Groton Long Point breakwater on a hazy spring morning. The wind was out of the southwest at 10-14kts giving me a close reach to the western part of the island. The sun broke through the high clouds

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 6

Cruise to Eel Cove Fishers Island, New York with a Bit of History and Nostalgia

By Lionel Taylor
(Groton Long Point, Connecticut)

and the wavelets on the sun-dappled water slapped arrogantly against the hull as I sailed.

To the west, Horseshoe Reef was barely covered in the outgoing tide with several fishing boats and lobster pots dotting the surface. The reef itself is marked by a red nun, N-26, warning boat traffic of its existence. Many a sailboat has caught her keel on the shore side of the reef trying to take a shortcut to New London (as I was to do years later). A half-mile further ahead in the Sound lay the forbidding rip-rap of Sunflower Reef with surf breaking at its foot. It marks the southwest side of the channel for traffic going Down East on the Sound.

Many years ago it was marked by a beacon and called Potters Reef. *The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea* calls a beacon a stake or other erection surmounted by a distinctive topmark erected over a shoal or sand bank as an aid to navigation. In many coastal estuaries without important shipping the low water level was marked by local beacons often in the form of withies, or flexible, slender twigs or branches as guides to fishing craft and yachts using those particular waters.

The water between Sunflower Reef and North Dumpling, another "stepping stone" island to the north of Fishers, was particularly turbulent this day as the incoming current from the ocean met the strong ebb going east on Fishers Island Sound. For some reason I have been unable to determine, the east-going ebb in the Sound causes the waters to the west of Fishers to run north instead of south as an ebb current ought to do. I watched these waters and overfalls swirl around me, to which my boat paid little attention.

Behind the lighthouse on North Dumpling Island, where the fleet of Thomas Hardy (of Trafalgar fame) reconnoitered after his unsuccessful attempt to capture Stonington during the War of 1812, rose the high outline of North Hill on Fishers Island. I was almost there. Leaving the red bell buoy R-2 off North Hill to port, I made my way down the west shore of the island. Close reaching in the southwesterly wind I entered a dense field of lobster pots. Carefully dodging the lobster buoys and toggles, I approached Silver Eel Pond tucked in on the southwest side of the Island. Marine traffic picked up; many fishing boats were returning to the Sound from the Race, the passage between Fishers Island and Long Island, where fish seem to abound and feed in the rich outgoing or incoming currents.

Further to the west lies Plum Island. Plum Island is the visible part of a submerged ridge left behind as a terminal moraine by the ice sheet that covered the majority of Long

Island. Other portions of the submerged ridge that jut out of the water are Great Gull, Little Gull, and Fishers Island. These form a chain that runs in a northeasterly direction, joining the mainland at Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Like a jagged, dotted line on the chart, they demarcate the eastern end of Long Island Sound. Between them the tides rush back and forth, creating swift and dangerous currents and swirling overfalls, long the menace of sailors and fishermen.

The New London-Fishers Island ferry plodding her way to her dock in Silver Eel Pond entered the scene from the southwest. The 40' steel workboat is over and back several times a day, running all year except during gale conditions. Fog and snow are also no deterrent and the steep heavy chop when wind and tide collide in the Sound is all in a wet day's work. Scarved and bemitted Islanders, clothing not required today, stand on her open deck in every weather, coming to the mainland and retrieving their cars to work or shop or visit.

In the first half of this century the waters south of Fishers Island were menaced during two wars by German U-boats. Pillboxes at Fort Wright, now neglected and overgrown with weeds, housed huge 16" artillery emplacements. These were designed to defend the island, the eastern entry to Long Island Sound, and the nearby Submarine Base at Groton, Connecticut.

Fishers Island is really a bedroom community, being part of New York State. There are schools, churches, an airport, and some businesses there but most of the year-round residents work and go to school in New London, Connecticut, across Long Island Sound. Most of the needed goods must be transported from Connecticut. However, it is during the summer when there is an over abundance of summer residents and tourists that ferry traffic is the heaviest.

When I'm in the environs I don't mess around with the ferry. I found that her skipper doesn't always adhere to the rule that sailing vessels have the right of way over power vessels. Just the size of her big wake and bow wave catches my attention. The pilot sounds his horn as he approaches Silver Eel Pond and I just come about to avoid any contact with his wake. Realistically, he does need all the room he can get to maneuver through the marine traffic while approaching his dock.

After I felt I had seen enough, and as it was past my lunchtime, I left for a more peaceful locale. Off to my starboard side was Hay Harbor. The harbor lay in a jog on the northwest shore about midway between North Hill and Fort Wright. Because the harbor is relatively shallow a class of boats designed for sailing there required a shoal draft or centerboard design. This was the origin of the Fishers Island One Designs. Rarely has a fleet of boats beguiled sailors like these boats. The fleet has anchored in only two harbors: Hay Harbor and Groton Long Point.

As I steered toward home I noticed over the transom what seemed like a fuzzy white line low on the water but fairly high in the blue sky approaching through the Race. Fingers of dense advection fog were rapidly blocking out the airport and quickly closing in on me. I was chilled by the falling temperature and the steady Force 4 southwest wind. (It seemed unusual to me to have as strong a wind as that during a fog). Fishers Island, the ferry and other boats quickly disappeared from view. I was socked in and it was eerily

quiet. The fog came in so fast I didn't have time to get a definite fix on my position. I had originally planned on a 020 degree magnetic course for Groton Long Point but now, not being sure of my position, I decided to navigate more by the steady wind direction to get me home than the compass. I did have a depth sounder and fog horn that I thankfully put into operation.

While sailing on a broad reach, I unfortunately didn't realize that the wind had switched to a westerly direction. I changed my course to the east with this alteration to keep my sails full. Unknowingly, I was beginning to pick up the easterly set in Fishers Island Sound that was pushing me ever closer to North Hill on Fishers Island. I was suddenly surprised to enter through the fog a large field of lobster pots, apparently the same group that I had dodged on my way out. Only instead of my original course taking me out of them going southwest, I was on a reciprocal course taking me in toward the rocky lee shore!

Thank heavens I had the depth sounder going to which, up to this time, I had not been paying particular attention. Now I read with increasing concern the depth of the water decreasing rapidly from 40' to 20'. I estimated visibility at less than 50' at the time and I could hear surf breaking on North Hill ahead. I quickly came about but almost panicked to find the wind had died and had come in from almost dead ahead. Close hauled and steering in a more northerly direction, I managed to claw my way off the lee shore. I was far from the first vessel to almost come a cropper on the shores of North Hill, Fishers Island. Only I was one of the lucky ones, I got away scot-free, several others didn't.

With its calms, storms, vicious currents, shoals, and FOG that sailors have had to put up with, Fishers Island has become a graveyard of grounded and marooned ships down through the years. The best known wreck to have occurred on Fishers Island's North Hill was that of the new side-wheeler, *Atlantic*, that left her home port of New London on Thanksgiving Eve, November 26, 1846, bound for New York. The night was black and the wind blew with terrific force from the northwest, when the *Atlantic* steamed out of New London harbor with her load of freight and passengers. Suddenly, without warning, her steam chest burst and the ship was forced to anchor. At this time she was not far from Bartlett's Reef (about a mile and a half off the Connecticut coast).

The wind increased in strength and additional anchors were dropped, but to no avail. The wind and seas caused her to drag and she rolled and pitched at the mercy of the elements. At noon of Thanksgiving Day she dragged her anchors until she lay not more than a quarter of a mile from the shore. The steamer *Mohican* tried to come alongside to remove her passengers but could not accomplish this due to the high seas. The next morning at 4:30am, in the darkest part of the night, the *Atlantic* crashed on the rocks of North Hill. Wave after wave crashed over her, washing overboard everything that was not fastened down. A gigantic wave swept the ladies' saloon and its occupants into the boiling, rocky surf.

In 15 minutes the majestic boat was a mass of ruins with nothing to tell what she was once but the floating timbers and part of her port side high on the rocks. Those who wanted to stay on the wreck were torn free

and thrown into the sea and of those who chose the sea and tried to reach dry land by swimming, many were dashed to death on the rocks. It was a terrible scene, the night dark and the wind blowing a gale. Those who were saved were only just alive after their harrowing experience and would never forget the awful times that had happened to them.

Now North Hill on Fishers Island was not done with me yet. As I sheered off the shore, I took a more northerly course to get me into deeper water. The wind that had remained constant during this adventure, increased steadily to a strong Force 5 with no reduction in the thickness of the fog. I scrambled to the foredeck to lower the jib as I couldn't afford to safely navigate through the fog at almost hull speed. I never heard the bell buoy off the northern tip of North Hill nor the horn on North Dumpling Island as I sailed. On the course I had chosen, I was afraid I might go aground on the rip-rap of Sunflower Reef. I listened intently for breaking surf and the sound of other craft but heard nothing.

It was scary. I must have sailed between North Dumpling Island and Sunflower Reef because 15-20 minutes later red Nun #28 off Groton Long Point appeared through the fog on my port bow. I wasn't home safely yet until I changed course once again to avoid the inshore swimming buoys in 10' of water off Main Beach. I was one happy single-hander to pull around the point and see the breakwater entrance to the lagoon and home.

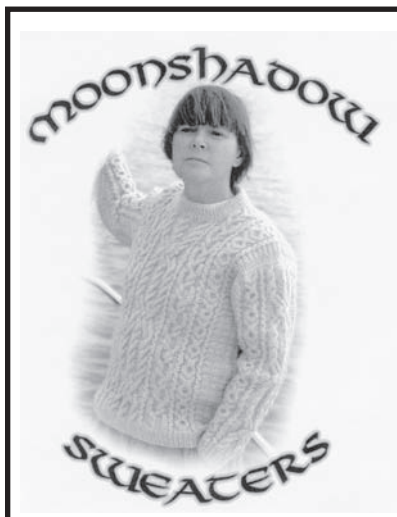
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The Find

The skiff appeared on the shores of Rocky Point the morning of our second or third day at Holiday House. My sister and her then boyfriend, now husband Dave, were the first ones to see the boat, so Tish took a proprietary interest in it. She scanned the beach for its possible owner and asked the landlord and the neighbors about it. Nobody knew to whom it belonged. Finally, Tish reported to the Bourne Police and the Coast Guard that she had found an abandoned skiff and listed herself as the contact. The authorities didn't mind Tish's keeping and using the skiff. In the two summers we used the boat, no one came forward to claim it.

The skiff was made of plywood with a fresh coat of white paint on the outer hull and pale green inside. It came with oars, also painted white, with just a couple of scuffs in the middle of the shafts where the oarlocks had rubbed off the paint. Registration numbers were affixed to the hull but there was no motor when Tish found it, only a couple of circular rust stains on the transom where a small outboard had once been clamped. Other than that, the boat was immaculate. It had probably drifted downwind from Mashnee Island about a mile southwest of us. The prevailing wind had likely pried the boat from a mooring by loosening a sloppily-secured painter.

We Keep the Boat

None of us saw anything wrong with using the boat unless and until an owner should show up. It was a convenient opinion because nobody at Holiday House had a boat that summer and it was delightful to go rowing around Rocky Point. We would go for short rows down the beach or around the big rocks. The landlord had told us the names he and his siblings had given the rocks when they were growing up here; Piano Rock, which had a sloped plane surface similar to the propped-up lid of a grand piano; Split Rock, an enormous flat-topped boulder awash at high tide which had split into equal halves settling about 5' apart, creating a channel at half-tide; and Ship Rock, a sharp-crested boulder which in certain tides protruded from the water like the hull and conning tower of a battleship. We got to see each one of them up close from the thwarts of the green skiff. All except Ship Rock were completely submerged at high tide and were covered with barnacles.

Watching the "Barnies"

We found some kid-sized life preservers in one of the closets of Holiday House. I took my son, niece, and nephew, out in the green skiff several times. We rowed slowly through the little channel between the halves of Split Rock and watched the feathery barnacles pop out of their white beak shells for plankton. Down deeper, we saw abundant sargassum endlessly caressing the pink granite as the currents ebbed and flowed. Each of the kids took a turn "rowing," though at

Cape Cod Harbors

Green Boats I and II

By Rob Gogan
(Cape Cod, Massachusetts)



ages three and five they weren't yet strong enough to hold the oars. Sitting beside me, they would put both hands on one oar while I did the pulling.

A few times we rowed well down the Mashnee Dike Beach to a wide sandbar, which was mostly exposed at low tide. We landed there and pulled the skiff half out of the water. As the tide went out, many little creeks and pools emerged, teeming with minnows and crabs. The kids had little nets with which they scooped up 2" silversides fish and buckets in which to put them, along with hermit crabs. I made sure the kids put the creatures back before they became too sluggish. We dug in the sand, building dams and diverting creeks to merge with each other.

I showed them how to find clams by digging at the little blow-holes. They were amazed that the holes belied the clam's location every time. Once we struck a cache of newly hatched horseshoe crabs, intact transparent miniatures of the leather-shelled adults that were the size of kernels of corn. They were amazingly robust, swimming strongly around in the buckets after being dug out of the sand. Researchers from the Marine Biological Laboratory in Woods Hole had visited the Dike Beach that summer. They explained that this location at the head of Buzzards Bay received many of the nutrients brought down from upwind.

We re-buried the crabs, along with the clams we dug, since I didn't have a license. Back when I was the children's ages, my grandfather had shown me how to dig clams. We brought them home to my grandmother who cooked a delicious clam chowder. In these modern days of frequent closures of the shell fishery due to sloppy sewage treatment infrastructure, I am happy to dine on clams dug by licensed diggers from clean tested shores.

After our low tide beach ramblings, we climbed back into the green skiff and rowed back to Holiday House. The kids always brought home rocks or shells to give to their mothers. Though we could have walked to the flats without much difficulty, visiting them by boat made it seem like more of an exotic adventure.

The Boat Moves On

After using the skiff, we usually dragged it up the beach into some dune vegetation. The boat was on the heavy side. I could drag it up above the high tide line by myself, but it was tiring and the kids weren't much help. I don't think the women could manage beaching her.

We used the skiff through that summer and most of the next. The last time we saw it was the morning of Hurricane Bob. A pod of Atlantic white-sided dolphins had come in to Phinney's Harbor in advance of the storm. Several times both Holiday Housers and the landlord rowed out for a closer view of the creatures in the calm before the storm. We think the last to use it failed to pull the boat high enough to keep it safe. Whatever the cause, the next day it was nowhere to be seen. Did the storm sweep it out to sea? Did the rightful owner spot it and take it home? Did a post-storm scavenger take home an especially big prize? We will never know. We all were grateful for the mysterious green skiff and the happy summers afloat she gave us. I like to think that the skiff drifted over to provide the joy of messing about in boats to a new family.

The New Green Boat

The next spring my father-in-law decided that he wouldn't use his aluminum jonboat skiff anymore. He decided we'd get more fun out of it than he would. So after a visit to see Frann's parents, we tied it to the roof rack of our station wagon and brought back to Massachusetts with us. We had many happy rowing explorations on the *Green Boat II*.

That first time out Zach was two and old enough to join us. The picture shows him seated next to Ellie (age seven), who made sure he didn't wiggle. We had a crowded boat, but with a breeze barely 5kts and despite the number, it was safe enough. Besides, the weight was still within the limit inscribed on the manufacturer's plate.

I decided to tell the crew the importance of staying still in the boat and sang my father's little ditty, "Sit down, sit down, sit down, sit down, sit downnn! You're rocking the boat." Then I underlined the importance of staying put by telling the story, famous in our family, of my grandmother's near-drowning.

When she was a little girl, my grandmother and her family went for a row on a lake in Marlborough, where many of their relatives lived. My grandmother sat in the boat eating penny candy from a paper bag. Then a portly man decided to add his considerable bulk to the boat, stepping from the dock onto the boat in a sudden lurch. Suddenly the boat capsized. All the others made it to the dock, but my grandmother was nowhere to be seen. My great grandfather dove in to find her but didn't see her until his third try. He laid his soggy daughter on the dock and got her breathing normally again. When she came to, my grandmother was still clutching the bag of candy in her hand. She was so angry at the situation that she stood up and flung the bag into the water.

"So kids, don't move quickly in a row-boat and once you're sitting down, stay there." The story seized their attention to a greater extent than I realized. Little Zach was so impressed with it that, back in the kitchen with Frann and my mother, he re-told every element of the story. The ladies didn't follow it at first, but I recognized the elements of the story. Thankfully, no such mishaps befell the captain or crew of the *Green Boat II*.

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Dinghy Sailing in Winter

By Martin Sokolinsky
(Brooklyn, New York)

"What's your name again?" a boat owner asked me one winter day.

"Marty."

"Oh, you're the fanatic. I've seen you out there a couple of times this winter."

My 20' sailboat gets hauled out by late November. But my dinghy stays in the water all winter. Other boat owners don't want to walk out on heaving docks rendered slippery by ice. They don't like the idea of wearing ice-fishing cleats on their shoes. They cringe at the idea of hypothermia, so naturally they won't sail without a rescue boat that picks them up in seconds.

But they don't own a dinghy like mine, a plywood beauty, a living thing. Lug-rigged with a shoal-draft keel, my 7'10" pram dinghy can be seen sailing Rockaway Inlet most of the year. In the depths of winter, when few boats are left at slips in the marina, my dink is still out there.

Recently an old friend at the marina told me, "I'm not sure you have your head screwed on tight." I had to wince at this lack of deference. Am I nuts for simply wanting to stay in touch with the sport of sailing all year round? We can't all afford to fly to Biscayne Bay every time we feel the need to be on the water.

By January, temperatures in New York City usually drop to the freezing mark. At that point, the circulation in my senior-citizen hands and feet tends to go. One hour in my dinghy and muscles start cramping up.

Rule #1 is only sail when the thermometer reads 32° degrees or better. Rule #2, watch the wind. Avoid sailing when it's blowing over 10kts. If unsure, reef before setting out. Since the boat is small and I'm big, the ability to shift my weight becomes crucial. Don't gybe in anything but light breezes and, even then, brail the sail beforehand.

But most unsettling in a casket-sized boat is the sea temperature. In New York Harbor it goes down to 36°. Having seen a fellow capsize his round-bottomed dinghy in February, I always wear a full wetsuit, hood, gloves, and booties. Of course, this 3mm neoprene protective gear is only rated for water at 45°F. I assume that, if the dinghy tips over, my rubber suit will keep me alive long enough to swim ashore or climb back over my own transom.

Unlike the Frostbite dinghy scene, organized and regulated by yacht clubs, I have no fleet of competitors to pick me up should I turn

over. No friendly rescue boat follows me, and no clubhouse keeps its cheery stove going. Sometimes I have to shovel snow and break thick ice around my dinghy's slip. Icicles often hang down like stalactites from the dock lines. Now and then, the little *Kitty S.* returns from a sail with 1" of new-fallen snow covering her.

Can any good come of this lonely winter sailing in Rockaway Inlet? It does seem to fly in the face of common sense. But it beats sitting in doctors' waiting rooms and worrying about such ailments as glaucoma, arthritis, and tinnitus, to name but a few. My own prescription calls for taking a winter day's trip in the dinghy. Come back alive and I've passed the physical.

As the bluff bow of the tiny boat pushes the waves aside, I feel pride knowing that a mere 1/4" of luan plywood separates me from the frigid waters of the inlet. I begin to recall the months I spent building her in the garage. I remember fitting the plywood components that were carefully shaped with Skilsaw and Surform plane.

For those of you not yet convinced, I point out that my Nymph has a brailing system. Like a Venetian blind, it reduces my 37sf sail lots faster than one can jiffy reef a mainsail. And there's one Optimist flotation bag secured near the stern and another just abaft the mast partners. A sealed compartment at the bow holds a 20" block of Styrofoam. Finally, for greater stability, canvas-covered sponsons, each containing four pool noodles, run beneath the gunwales. They're secured to the sides with strips of 3M dual lock fasteners, four times stronger than regular Velcro.

Hardly any pleasure vessels ply the waters of bleak Rockaway Inlet in January or February. On some days in that season, the near absence of motors brings a rare tranquility and silence. Completing the voyage out to that stone turret local sailors call "the Roundhouse," I feel like Shackleton reaching South Georgia.



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**David Howard
SAILMAKER**

The International Scene

Charter rates for tankers will be so low in the fourth quarter that there will be "blood on the streets," as one insider described the situation. Currently rates are barely covering operating costs.

The operators of nuclear-powered Russian icebreakers have received at least 15 requests for icebreaker assistance on the Northern Sea Route next year. (Russia is trying hard to prove that merchant-ship transits of the route are both practical and economically viable).

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships ran aground: Near Malta, what was described as the "Turkish goulette-type short sea ferryboat" *Fernandes* hit the Marku Shoal and the master ran his leaking vessel aground on a nearby rocky shore. All 48 passengers and crew of six were removed safely, and salvage operations started. (The goulette or gulet is an extraordinarily handsome, traditional clipper-bowed, ketch-rigged craft originally used by Turkish fishermen or spongers, and this one may have been in use as a cruise or excursion vessel).

Off Batangas in the Philippines, the cargo ship *Hummer H1*, carrying plywood, ran aground, opening cracks in both sides of the bow and damaging about 15,000 square meters of coral reef.

Ships collided or allided: The cargo vessel *Twisteden* arrived at Duisburg with its wheelhouse crushed due to an allision with a bridge in Antwerp.

Fires and explosions took a toll: An explosion on the chemical tanker *Gagasan Perak* triggered an oil spill in Indonesia's Sepanjang oil field. The ship was being used to store crude oil.

Unusual things happened: In New Zealand, the coaster *Spirit of Resolution* was damaged by high seas when it tried to cross the Manukau Harbour bar. (Auckland has two harbours, the Waitemata on the north side of the city and accessible from the east and is used by most shipping, and the west opening Manukau by coasting vessels). It could move under its own power but had damaged steering. The tug *Rupe* headed north from New Plymouth and reached the damaged vessel the next day and started escorting it south for repairs.

Off the Virginia coast, the tug *Lucinda Smith* was towing the 220' deck barge *Dick Z* when the tug crew noticed that the barge's bow was flooding. The tug shifted to towing the barge by the stern and managed to anchor it, still afloat, in Hampton Roads.

At India's Jawaharlal Nehru Port (India's largest container port), two containers fell onto the tank tops of the container ship *Lahore Express* and punctured a fuel tank. The anti-pollution precautions taken soon after delayed about ten ships.

On the Houston Ship Channel, the scrap-loaded lead barge of a three-barge tow sliced into a high voltage transmission tower carrying multiple power lines across the Channel. Luckily the power was off for maintenance and the tower ended up being supported by the barge until the barge-carried derrick *Big John* could take over. Ironically, the barges are owned by a major electrical power company and the towboat is named the *Safety Quest*. Un-ironically, the three day closure of the Channel kept about 70 ships from their business and cost the region about \$1 billion.

In North Devon, high winds broke the (apparently unused) suction dredger *Severn Sands* free of its mooring and it sailed into

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

the River Taw, grounded, then floated free on a very high tide and was carried upriver towards Barnstaple. It was finally beached at Fremington Quay and officials and many others breathed easier.

Humans got hurt: Twelve people, mostly port officials and dockworkers, were treated at Abu Dhabi after being affected by gas fumes from a berthed tugboat at Mina Zayed. The tug had been there for about a year.

In the UK, routine testing of the anchored tanker *British Cormorant's* rescue boat got a visit from Captain Murphy when a line snapped and six crewmen were dumped into the water. A Coast Guard rescue helicopter rescued them and took one with spinal injuries to a hospital.

During routine maintenance a lifeboat fell onboard the cargo ship *Belorus* while in Turkey's Aliagra Anchorage. Two crewmen were seriously injured, one dying later in a hospital.

At a Korean-owned shipyard in the Philippines, an injured shipyard worker died on the way to a hospital. No mention as to what happened.

Humans were rescued: At Gig Harbor in the State of Washington, a worker fell off a barge while working on a sewer outfall and went under the barge unnoticed. He was spotted when he emerged at the other end, unconscious and purple. CPR resuscitated him and he was discharged from a local hospital three days later.

A crewman on the 580' bulkier *BK Champ* injured his hand and an Alaskan-based Coast Guard helicopter plucked him off the ship about 30 miles south of Adak. This seemingly simple mission required three MH-60 helicopters and one HC-130 aircraft and they flew over 1,800 miles.

Gray Fleets

Great Britain is so short of workers with ship building skills that Polish welders are being hired to build the two aircraft carriers that the UK has under construction (at least until the next Defense Plan is released). Many of the foreigners learned their skills building Soviet submarines. It probably helps the Exchequer or the contractors' profit lines that they are willing to accept wages that are about half that of their British equivalents.

While training at night with the US Coast Guard Cutter *Frank Drew*, a Coast Guardsman fell off a small boat. His body was found the next day.

For several years now the thick anechoic coating on several *Virginia* class subs has been peeling off in patches that sometimes measure hundreds of square feet. The US Navy is investigating why the sound absorbent stuff has been causing "fail to sail" problems; particularly affected has been the *USS Texas*.

The US Navy stopped or limited operations of at least ten *Cyclone* class coastal patrol boats after finding structural damage. The boats are essentially past their expected lifespan of 15 years and have seen hard service chasing pirates and drug smugglers.

The boom of a commercial crane fell across the aft section of the guided missile cruiser *USS Monterey* at the Norfolk Naval Station. High winds apparently blew the

boom over. Some damage to the warship but nobody hurt.

The commanding officer of the Indian *Kilo-class* submarine *INS Sindhurakshak* has had three accidents (in the language of an Indian news report, "hitting a sand dune, entangling with a fishing boat, and hitting the submarine into a jetty"). A Court of Inquiry found him guilty of all three charges and he was, in the language of the news item, "set aside."

The French Navy does not have a need for such an offshore patrol vessel and is uncertain about the legalities but it has agreed to man the *Hermes*, a *Gowind* class OPV built and owned by a French shipyard that hopes to get foreign orders for such vessels. The Navy crew would be onboard for up to three years.

During a search for the small boat *My Business*, a Venezuelan Navy helicopter crashed into the Bolivian Navy research vessel *Vo-II* and five were injured while two others went missing. Many of those involved in the crash were medical personnel who had treated people rescued from two motorboats the day before.

Russia will test its new sea launched Buluva intercontinental ballistic three more times. Failures will mean drastic changes in "the whole production and control system." To date, only five of twelve test firings have been successful.

White Fleets

The 1975 built German cruise ship *Delphin* did not make a scheduled cruise to the Black Sea. The question was whether that was due to a "technical defect" as the charterer claimed, or the arrest by a French court due to claims for unpaid charter payments. In any case, up to 700 ticket holders did not travel to the Black Sea.

The *Oasis of the Seas* was about to depart from Port Everglades when somebody spotted a Florida burrowing owl (a bird of special environmental concern) that had made a home in the ship's mini golf course on the upper deck. Wildlife personnel safely removed the pint-sized bird and released it somewhere more suitable.

Starting next year, larger cruise ships may be banned from the Antarctic. Smaller cruise ships must not use heavy fuel oil (due to its potential for devastating pollution in case of a spill) but can land up to 100 passengers at a time while larger ships must not offload any passengers.

A rumpus on the liner *QM2* caused a couple to be ordered ashore, possibly in a remote part of Quebec. Fellow passengers interceded and the Commodore changed the marooning sentence to one requiring the pair to stay in their cabin under house arrest for the six remaining days of their £12,000 cruise plus turning over all their liquor. She is 82, Jewish, and a successful Broadway play producer while he is 91, owns a chain of art cinemas, produced a porn film, and claims to be the illegitimate son of the Duke of Windsor (yep, he who could have been King Edward VIII but abdicated instead). The cause of the rumpus seems to have been a remark she overheard from a nearby dining room table that there were too many Jews on board. She stood up and responded with vigor and profanity before storming off to their stateroom. Next day, she refused to apologize for the vulgarity of her language. She later dramatically claimed that the episode has "ruined our lives. It has changed us forever."

Computation sometimes makes modern ships difficult to operate smoothly. Take, for example, the up-to-date, all suites Great Lakes cruise ship *Clelia II*. Recently it lost power and grounded while on passage through the North Channel towards Sault Ste Marie, Ontario. It dropped an anchor and soon was able to resume its voyage. Just out of the port it lost power again and dropped that anchor again. It soon resumed steaming but power again disappeared. It was dragging both anchors as it tried to avoid plowing into a marina and took out one channel marker before it was able to back off. A tug soon appeared and took charge of the bewildered ship. Onlookers reported that there was a large boom like an earthquake when it hit the shore somewhere in its wild journey.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Fatigued by playing at a recent concert, a dozing Taiwanese violinist on a Hong Kong Star ferry failed to notice when somebody swiped his violin. It was made in 1838 and was worth more than \$350,000. Closed circuit TV helped authorities track down the robber. He said he thought the violin was worth maybe \$20 and was fined 2,000 Hong Kong dollars (about US\$257).

The smallest but government owned Newfoundland ferry *Marine Voyager* struck a small (6m) anchored fishing boat off Burgeo on Newfoundland's south coast whose occupant was fishing for cod. The ferry had just left the government wharf at Burgeo and continued on after striking the FV. The fisherman said he saw nobody in the wheelhouse or on deck. No injuries, some righteous indignation, and a protest to authorities.

In remote northeastern Brazil, a small and overloaded ferry capsized and ten children died. Seven adults, however, survived.

On the Greek holiday island of Kos, the catamaran ferry *Aegean Cat* came into its dock too fast, and hit it twice. About 25 British tourists (out of 213 aboard) were injured, five seriously, with one female breaking a leg.

In Nova Scotia, at the ferry terminal at North Sydney, cocaine was found in a backpack and a man was arrested before he could board the ferry to Newfoundland. Street value of the white power was at least \$1.5 million.

In New York Harbor, a suicidal woman jumped off the ferry *Andrew J. Barberi* while it was passing the Statue of Liberty. Three harbor policemen rescued her within two minutes.

Thirteen Sudanese traveling to mourn the 37 victims of a collision of two buses (one had rushed past a truck but smashed into an oncoming minibus, setting it on fire and killing four children) were themselves victims of a ferry capsize on the White Nile near Alrader. Nine others survived.

At Genoa, two young German tourists were driving their car off the ferry *Moby Otta* when it moved and their car dropped into the water. They drowned.

At Auckland, New Zealand, alcohol played some kind of role when the ferry *Quickcat*, traveling at about 20 knots, sucked a 7.5m motor launch between its hulls, capsizing the smaller boat and putting two boaties in the water. The launch's operator was asked if he had been drinking and tersely replied, "I have no comment on anything." A police spokeswoman noted that there was no law against operating a vessel under the influence of alcohol but the ferry crew was breath tested anyways. (Is there a conflict between police policy and the regulations of Maritime New Zealand?).

Legal Matters

Usually US Federal courts go after the chief engineer and the shipping company when the crime is use of a "magic pipe" and/or improper logging of a watery oil separator usage. But a recent case added a classification society surveyor because he had certified that the pollution prevention equipment on the landing craft *Island Express I* was adequate although the separator was actually broken. Everyone was found guilty and will be sentenced in December.

The master of the oil tanker *Kashmir* was found guilty of unintentionally destroying property after the ship struck the anchored container ship *Sima Bay* at Dubai last February, causing a major fire. He was fined Dh30,000 (about US\$8,000).

A pilot took the tanker *Noord Fast* into the Fawley Refinery at Southampton in the UK while the master was down below, prematurely celebrating a scheduled return to his homeland. On the master's return to the wheelhouse after the ship was moored, he was "unsteady on his feet" and had "glazed eyes" so the pilot contacted police. In court, the master pleaded guilty to being in charge of a vessel (even though it was moored) while drunk and was fined £1,700.

Migrants and Other Imports

Near Montreal, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police opened a shipping container and found it packed to the roof with cardboard boxes containing seven tonnes of hash. "It's black and compact like Plasticine," said one official. The hash may have originated in Pakistan.

Nature

The 620' German flagged container ship *Northern Vitality* arrived at San Francisco with a dead minke whale draped across its bow but was unaware of its presence until a greeting tugboat notified the ship. The whale was still in position when the ship docked at berth 57 at Oakland. Judging by its swollen body (visible in photos), the whale had been dead for some time and its head and fins were missing, perhaps eaten off by sharks.

The world will soon have a second hybrid powered tugboat. Foss Maritime announced that it will use \$1.35 million from the Port Angeles area port authority and California clean air officials to help it convert its Dolphin class tug *Campbell Foss*, using the same technology as in Foss's *Carolyn Dorothy*, the world's first hybrid tug.

In Scotland, Greenpeaceers protesting deep water drilling managed to attach a specially built pod to the anchor chain of the 700' drill ship *Stena Carron* and several lived in it for several days until police said "enough of this nonsense" and ousted them.

Metal Bashing

Reefers, those ships whose holds are large refrigerators, are on the way out and are being replaced by refrigerated containers. The world fleet of reefers now numbers 778 and is expected to shrink to 450 by 2020. Of hundreds of ships on order, only eight reefers are being built.

The Royal Navy must eventually replace its Type 22 and 23 frigates and the replacements will be called the Type 26. A British defense contractor wants the Brazilian military to co-design the Type 26, a move that is OK with the British Government since it recently signed a pledge of military cooperation with Brazil. Other countries, such as India, may also be asked to become co-designers.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Tanzania has a Navy (seven fast attack craft and 12 patrol boats) and its sailors are not afraid to fight. Somewhere in the general vicinity of the energy exploration vessel *Ophir Energy*, Somali pirates opened fire on an unspecified Tanzanian warship, hitting it at least 50 times. The warship returned fire and eventually captured a pirate. The baddies may have planned to kidnap workers from the *Ophir Energy* and hold them for ransom.

Somali pirates captured the Greek operated cargo ship *Lugela* but the crew had fortified themselves in a citadel and would not allow the pirates to control the ship. Two days later the frustrated pirates left the ship.

Odd Bits

Many inland vessels in Europe carry the owner's car on the afterdeck. At Rotterdam, a Volvo station wagon became a CTL (constructive total loss) when it fell while the vessel's crane was swinging it over another vessel to the wharf.

For some years, the specialized bulker 150,000-tonne *Taharoa Express*, built in 1999, has been loading a pumped slurry of concentrated ironsand (titanomagnetite) from a New Zealand beach and drying it on the subsequent voyage to China and Japan, where the cargo is unloaded conventionally and used to make steel. The ship is nearing the end of a contract (and its service life, it has had corrosion problems in recent months that seriously threatened its stability and worried maritime officials) so a Japanese shipping company is having a new slurry tanker built. That may mean the contract will be extended for another 15 years.

What is probably the world's oldest complete steamship will go on exhibit at the Thames port of Tilsbury. The 1890-built *Robin* will sit on a "bespoke special floating dock" (read that as a "barge"). The oldie was recently and thoroughly conserved to the tune of £1.9 million (about \$2.9 million).

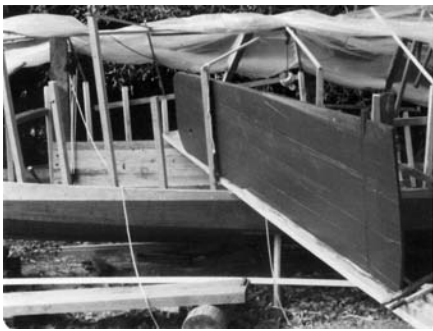
A German firm has developed a propeller that can adjust its pitch without mechanical components. Carbon fiber plastic blades are attached to a metal hub and they flex according to the load and rpms. A propeller can handle up to 3,500bhp and ten sets have been ordered for use on ten patrol boats for the Dutch Water Management.

News items can be infuriatingly incomplete. Take this one: Off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the Coast Guard rescued two men who had jumped off their boat when its engine failed. Why they jumped into the sea the item telleth not!

Head-Shakers

Because a tugboat had run into Wat Ka Rong's floating market in Thailand, it broke adrift. It then sank about 20 small boats and slightly injured several people while running amok. The floating market is about 100m long and can support about 200 shoppers and merchants. Police filed charges of reckless driving.

The brown tree snake arrived on Guam in the '40s and the tree climbing predator has had a devastating impact on native fauna. To combat them, the US Navy is dropping frozen mice. In each mouse belly is an 80mg dose of the common drug acetaminophen (think Tylenol) that is poisonous to the snakes. And to make the body soar correctly, each little carcass will have cardboard wings plus green streamers that slow the descent and catch on branches.



Sailboats We Love

By Jim McKelvey

Back in 1974 Carol and I built, in our own backyard, a 37' version of the skipjack, *Messenger*, whose plans appear in Chapelle's book *Boatbuilding*. We got full-sized plans from the Smithsonian, lumber from a saw-mill in Cambridge, and encouragement from Mr Jim Richardson.



Mr Jim is pictured on board his vessel, *Jenny Norman* (now in the cruise fleet in Rockport, Maine). Also shown are some under construction photos; keelson log with centerboard slot cut, the centerboard, big as a picnic table, being slid into place with the case half built, and one happy boat builder framing the cabin opening.

And then some shots of her under sail ... on a calm day and with a wonderful quartering breeze... and one happy boat builder on the bowsprit.

After we gave the skipjack to the museum at St Michaels, I was without a boat for a while. Then I came upon the plans for the 24' Sharptown Barge. This is a design originally used in the Nanticoke River in the shad fishery, modified for pleasure by Capt Pete Culler. I built her traditionally with cross-planked bottom. This time I had a barn in which to work.

One photo shows her moored to a stake on Langford Creek, with an exuberant canoeist in a Six Hour Canoe in the foreground. Notice the handy method of furling the main



(or fore). We unhitch the snottier and stand the sprit up vertically under the peak of the sail, then flap the aft corner (clew) of the sail over the sprit and begin winding the sail up like a sideways window shade around the sprit until it is up tight against the mast. Then the snottier is used to tie the bundle to the mast. Done! No raising and lowering. The sail is fastened to the mast with hoops, and has a halyard, but I never use it... just do this little trick and the sail is ready for me to unstep the mast, sail and all, and take it to storage. Same trick on the mizzen, but it is so small it is laced to its mast and never even thinks about being raised and lowered...just bundled up. In the





photo I have the mizzen sheeted tight and still standing to keep her weathervaning and not sailing around the stake.

My favorite shot of the Sharptown Barge was taken by Andy of the Delaware River TSCA group on Lake Union at a Mess-about a few years back. The mizzen staysail is not official. It is a borrowed jib from another small daysailer... but sure makes her look like a lot of ship, doesn't it?

I love the basic sail plan, though. Keeping the mizzen sheeted flat, it drives her up into the wind on a beat. The balanced jib is the first indicator if we are pinching too high and the big main (or fore?) does most of the work. Shifting her sheets on tacks is the only work there is. Everything else is self-tending. With one sailor, I found it helpful to carry some extra weight forward, to put her down on her lines and to give more inertia to get through stays.

The sails are hand-worked Egyptian cotton, by Ernest W. Smith (E.W. Smith Co, 12 Union Wharf, Fairhaven, Massachusetts), recommended by the fellow who was selling Pete Culler's designs in 1994. Beautiful to see and wonderful to touch and smell. The bolt rope is hand-stitched and tapered after turning the corners... leather worked into the areas of most wear. The cotton is not bothered by UV rays, but must be dried before storage to prevent mildew. Ernie's son (Senior is gone now) has treated the sails during a few winters with some concoction to assure long life and fight, to some extent, the mildew problem. They cost \$1,575 back then... took a month to locate the fabric. Makes me wonder if we could ever find it today!

The big main (or fore?) does most of the work. Shifting her sheets on tacks is the only work there is. Everything else is self-tending. With one sailor, I found it helpful to carry some extra weight forward, to put her down on her lines and to give more inertia to get through stays.

The spars are pretty, glued up spruce, varnished and stored indoors all these years.

After several years of dealing with the traditional cross-planked bottom (sinking her and swelling her bottom planks, then bailing her until the bottom was good and tight...) I finally took her into the shop one winter and traded the traditional (lot of work) bottom for a modern (much less work) bottom of two layers of $\frac{5}{16}$ " thick plywood, epoxied with staggered joints. Then I fiberglassed (with epoxy) the bottom up to the first lap of the sides. Now that makes a good bottom!

Here's an interesting story about this boat's history. When I was building her in the barn, one day my wife Carol appeared in the shop and looked over the project. I hadn't talked to her much about it and she said, "It's a sailboat, isn't it?"

I said, "Yes, it is."

She said, "We've never had a motor boat. Could it be a motor boat?" And without a moment's hesitation, wise fellow that I am, I said, "Yes."

I had cut the centerboard slot by then. So I fastened a temporary plank over the slot, made a cute little center console, added a 25hp outboard on that tiny transom and away we went! Fishing and crabbing and going like hell, with 25 horses pushing that needle like hull... she could really go. But finally Carol said, "It's not really a motor boat, is it?"

"No, it's not," says I.

"Go ahead, make it sail," she said. And I did.

When she first became a sailboat, I built a rudder with an electric trolling motor built in... like a little outboard motor in the rudder. I ran the wires up through a hollow in the rudder and into the boat. The controller was just under the stern sheets, slick as could be. I could move along in a calm... without a sound... everybody wondering how that boat could go! But the battery had to be kept charged and all that made me want an outboard for real. So I added the false transom and the outboard motor well just in front of the true transom. A 2hp outboard fits in there just perfectly. It can be tipped up for sailing without interfering with the tiller or the comfort of the helmsman.

I have a bunk trailer which has been modified to carry the length of this boat. The tongue is extendable and retractable. I've been using it to launch and retrieve two boats (the 24' Sharptown and the 14' daysailer that owns the mizzen staysail/jib).

The boat needs work. I built a storage frame to support a tarp to cover the boat for outdoor storage. The frame is still in good shape and belongs with the boat, but the tarp is shot. During the two years while I was sick, the tarp leaked and the chines show some new rot. When I built her, I did not bevel the top of the chine logs, so any water collected on top of the log and led to rot there. I have repaired chine areas that turned up soft in the past, with epoxy and glass fabric... worked great. Now this is needed again.

I'm not up to it anymore. Any person with a modicum of skill can do those same types of repairs. I could even teach them on how I did it. But, I'm not able to do that work anymore.


So, I'd like to put the boat in some good hands. I'll need another trailer to launch the little daysailer because this trailer needs to go with the Sharptown. I could use those beautiful sails for other boats, but no one would ever get a new set like them today. They should go with the boat. The storage frame is good. It dis-assembles for storage during the sailing season and sits on the boat during the winter, if outdoor storage is required. It will need a new tarp and (if wanted) auxiliary power, in addition to the long, balanced, custom made oars that come with the boat; a little outboard.

The Boat

Spars: Varnished, in great shape
Sails: Egyptian cotton, in good shape
Rudder: With varnished tiller and a spare tiller
Oars: Custom balanced looms
Running Rigging: Dacron, manila mix
Compass: Mounted on thwart in front of helmsman
Trailer: Custom extendable/retractable tongue, new bearings at last use.
Winter storage frame: I think I've still got the moulds; if I can find them, let's throw them in, too

I'd like to ask the value of the sails when new, \$1,500. For the whole package. The boat is free, the trailer is free, and all that stuff is free. Just buy the sails. She's on Fairlee Creek, where the *Gypsy* was. Anybody is welcome to take a look.

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The Chesapeake Bay skipjack is about as much a symbol of the Chesapeake and its culture as one can find. The official Maryland map featured a picture of the skipjack *Lady Katie* on its cover for some time. At around the turn of the 19th century into the 20th there were a couple of thousand of these boats dredging oysters. Today, the Chesapeake fisheries, including crabbing, have, unfortunately, deteriorated significantly, to the point where there are but a handful of skipjacks still dredging oysters in winter.

The surviving skipjacks, many of them completely restored to be preserved as Chesapeake icons, are relegated to museum duty and/or carrying day passengers for hire. Captain Wade H. Murphy, Jr owns the skipjack *Rebecca T. Ruark*, built in 1886. The *Ruark* is based in Dogwood Harbor just over the bridge on Tilghman Island <http://www.skipjack.org/>. Her primary occupation today is taking people out for a sail. I discovered a few years ago that Captain Murphy is the uncle of radio controlled model boat friend, Scott Todd, a third generation waterman from Cambridge, Maryland.

I first met Scott at an East Coast 12 Meter model boat regatta at Mt. Laurel, New Jersey. At the Saturday night dinner of this weekend regatta Scott and I happened to sit next to each other. In conversation I learned that Scott was a professional crabber. As we talked about the Chesapeake and his business, I told him about the 48" radio controlled model skipjack sailed by groups at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum at St

The Skipjack 48

By Harry Mote
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*



Michaels and at the Calvert Marine Museum in Solomons, Maryland.

I told him that I had built one of these RC skipjack models so that I could sail with these folks. Further, that one of the traditions of this model class was that one named the model after the real skipjack that had the dredge permit number of the sail number one had been assigned. Since my assigned sail number was 25, I named my skipjack the *Lady Katie*, which had dredge permit number 25. With a deadpan face, Scott said, "I own the *Lady Katie*." I gulped and we both laughed.

Scott bought the *Lady Katie* from Captain Stanley Larrimore, mostly because his great grandfather, Bronza Parks, built it. Scott and staff at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum recently restored *Lady Katie* and we invited Scott to give a slide presentation on her restoration at last year's US Vintage Model Yacht Group regatta hosted by the Solomons Island Model Boat Club, <http://simbc.wetpaint.com/>, based at the Calvert Marine Museum, Solomons, Maryland. The Skipjack 48, as it is known, is a class that fits into the Traditional Sailing Craft division of the USVWG. Click on "plans" and "past regattas" at the SIMBC website to learn more about this RC model skipjack. The SIMBC can supply plans and any of the parts for easy construction.

Sailing the Skipjack 48 is a lark. It is not as efficient a sailer as modern RC models. It is a little like sailing an old catboat in that when you come about, if not properly handled, it can make great leeway before it gathers way. But with a little practice and gentle use of the rudder it will transition from one tack to another with little fuss and little loss of momentum. And the people who sail them are neat people. The Skipjack 48 was designed as a model by Pepper Langley of Solomons as a composite of the design characteristics of most successful real skipjacks.

Scott Todd told me that the *Ruark* is not technically a skipjack in that she was carvel planked over permanent framing, which explains her long life. She's a sloop, with a rig of the same general proportions as a skipjack and used for the same kind of work, dragging dredges over the bottom to harvest oysters.

The term "skipjack" describes a "dead rise" or V-bottomed vessel with a sloop rig. The V-bottom evolved in the Northeast, partly as a hull design and construction that was less expensive to build than conventional, round-bilge carvel construction. As used in the Chesapeake, the skipjack was not much more than a V-bottomed crab skiff, or bateau, that had been enlarged to between 50' and 60' on deck. It essentially had no framing other than keel, chines, and deck clamps, plus vertical cleats to hold the side planking together. The bottom was cross-planked, like a "file" bottomed crab skiff. This cross bottom planking was essentially the "framing" between the keel and the chines. What they lacked in engineering they made up for with heavy timber.

They were not built to last as long as a properly constructed yacht of their time. They were basically bay-going trucks built to drag dredges over the bottom to harvest oysters and cart them to market. They were built as inexpensively as possible to keep capital costs down and to serve their owners for their working lives, which might not be more than 40 years. Their design was that of their builders based on what was learned from the previous boat and what the owner wanted.

Some useful books on the skipjack include: *American Small Sailing Craft*, by Howard I. Chapelle, which explains the origin of the term "skipjack" and their design and construction.

Notes on Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks, by Howard I. Chapelle, published by the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, is an authoritative introduction to their design, gear and use.

Chesapeake Bay Skipjacks, by Pat Vojtech, is a nice picture book, with great photography, and a good instruction. It also includes a reasonably good "Vessel List," with much data about known boats. And it includes a good "Sources" section on published material on skipjacks.

The Chesapeake is a fascinating and beautiful place for the small boat cruiser. Its history, culture and traditions are as deep as its shoreline is vast. The study of the skipjack and its role in the Chesapeake is one way to begin to learn about it.

Editor Comments: Regular contributor Greg Grundtisch is now sailing a half-scale copy of *Messenger*, a project which I began in the early 1980s and failed to complete. I gave the partially done frame to Greg about eight years ago and he has since completed it. "*Dreamcatcher* is Finally Launched" appears on page 38 in our October issue.

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I never had much interest in catboats. My wife loves them. Stan Grayson, author of *Cape Cod Catboats*, took us out for our first sail on one. A good-sized catboat was given to the Essex Shipbuilding Museum and a lot of time and money had gone into restoring her. A lot remained to be done. I thought hard about buying that boat but it just didn't make sense. But it whet my interest in cats.

Stan told me that for wooden cats 18' and 21' Fenwick Williams' designs were the most desirable. My friend Jim owns a 21' Fenwick and had owned an 18-footer. He raved about them. He got onto the internet and found an 18' Fenwick for sale right in Marblehead, Massachusetts. It turned out that I knew the guy who was selling it and it also turned out to be Jim's former boat.

The boat was under a shed roof behind Bill's barn. It had been out of the water for four years. The shade and the earth floor had kept it somewhat tight. It was a lovely boat. The canvas decks and cabin top were gone and the plugs had popped off many of the hull fastenings. It was a 58-year-old iron nailed wooden hull. Nobody wants something like this. I was interested.

Whit has been a boat carpenter down at Crocker's Boatyard (Manchester, Massachusetts) for a good 20 years. He and I went over to Marblehead for a joint cat scan. He said the nail heads were rusty and spalling but okay for now, that it might last a year or it might last 20. The spars were lovely old yellow pine. The floors dovetailed into the hull. The old Wilcox-Crittenden blocks were lignum vitae with bronze sheaves. The sail looked serviceable. The outboard was supposed to be good but I have a couple of old Volvo marine Diesels anyway. The boat would fit down my driveway and into our small backyard. Whit said the whole shebang was worth a grand, boat, motor and trailer.

I discussed it with my wife. This was a new thing for me, a result of age and mental deterioration. When I bought my Stonehorse I did it on the sly and sailed it off from below Cape Cod to our mooring off Beverly. This was the proper, vigorous, and masculine approach. When she first saw that boat she thought it was lovely, which it was. Once she understood what I'd done, she resented the boat and afflicted me for years afterward about it. This time she thought it was a good idea to buy the catboat.

You never have to stand in line or negotiate much when buying a dead cat. Bill even hauled the boat over to my yard in Beverly with his truck. Well, when it was home in the sunlight and I saw what I had, it sort of reminded me of another recent purchase. I needed some broccoli and a dozen eggs so I rode over to the little supermarket next town over. Of course, winter frost heaves and ongoing utility digs had taken their toll on the roads around here. It was a very small purchase, hardly took up a quarter of one of those plastic grocery bags. It fit handily into the luggage compartment and was chaperoned home on my motorcycle. You know I looked forward to both these purchases yet saw things differently once they were home.

Well, everybody said about the same thing. Some very good boat carpenters looked at it. Davis said, "Don't get too elaborate, just use it." Harold said, "Just paint the bottom, throw it into the water, and use it. Start building a new hull this winter." John said, "There's only a couple of cracked ribs, not so bad." So a couple of seams got caulked

A Good Buy on a Dead Cat

By Captain Gnat*
(Massachusetts North Shore)

and the bottom got painted. It was hauled over to the ramp next to the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in nearby Essex where friends from there helped to launch it.

As it was sinking Bob and Nate were coming in with their boat. They have a sawmill in town and after sizing things up perhaps thought they could sell me some lumber for new hull. Bob towed us into the little creek between the Museum and Harold's boatyard. Big electric bilge pumps were passed down, as well as 5gal buckets for fast bailing. Josh the sailmaker dove in and dumped a 5gal bucket of sawdust under the hull. It helped a little. Harold brought over a big electric pump that actually worked and that seemed to keep up with the water coming in.

So she sat in the creek for a few days taking up. I put in three new 500gph bilge pumps at different elevations and bought two new large deep-cycle marine batteries. It still leaked so badly that when I took it from Essex over to our mooring in Beverly I opted to spend the night in a local marina just in case. It was still afloat in the morning so there was no question that the pumps and batteries would keep up with the leaks with her home on her mooring.

It was a handsome boat and a delight to sail. My wife loved her. On our second time out sailing the tiller arm broke. She went back to Essex and got hauled out. I made a new tiller arm and a new shim for below the steering quadrant. The leaks came mostly from a rent plank, both garboards and the buttocks just abaft the skipper's side futon. These are all fairly typical. Some goop and a piece of marine plywood nailed over the rent plank fixed that leak. I tried to get some slickseam into the garboard seams with poor results. No big deal, the garboards are right down at the bottom and water doesn't flow uphill. So she was re-launched and sailed back home to her mooring.

It was tough to keep up with the leaking. Mostly the lowest pump kept up with it but to do that it pumped almost continually and drained a battery each day. So each day, rain, wind or shine, I'd have to row out a charged battery and row in a discharged one (my mooring is way out). These things are the size of car batteries and weigh as much as concrete blocks.


All the people on the beach where I keep my dinghy would see me walking by with a battery. The whole beach would fall silent and all those people would just stare at me. Then as I rowed out they'd start laughing and pointing. It was humiliating. The whole affair made me feel like a door to door concrete block salesman. I could endure the embarrassment but the thing that was really galling was the door to door concrete block salesman role. This fulfilled a prophecy that my high school guidance counselor made about me. After all these years...

The boat came with a poetic sort of name. I changed her name to *Dead Cat*. This is perhaps less poetic yet more apt as it conveys the vessel's essence. There's another reason for that name. My wife and I have a

small dog that we're rather fond of. The little fellow is interested only in mooching and in chasing squirrels, cats, and skunks. I hoped that naming the boat *Dead Cat* might pique his interest in sailing so he'd become a little more well-rounded.

We have many friends. Not all of them chase squirrels, cats, and skunks. Many of them are sailors. All of them are moochers. If the dog became a competent sailor he'd be better able to participate in dinner-time conversations or convivial evening gatherings. Time will tell. It all started with a good buy on a dead cat.

*Nathaniel Herreshoff was called "Captain Nat." Gnats, pronounced "nats" are miniscule biting insects irritating all out of proportion to their size. Hence, "Captain Gnat."



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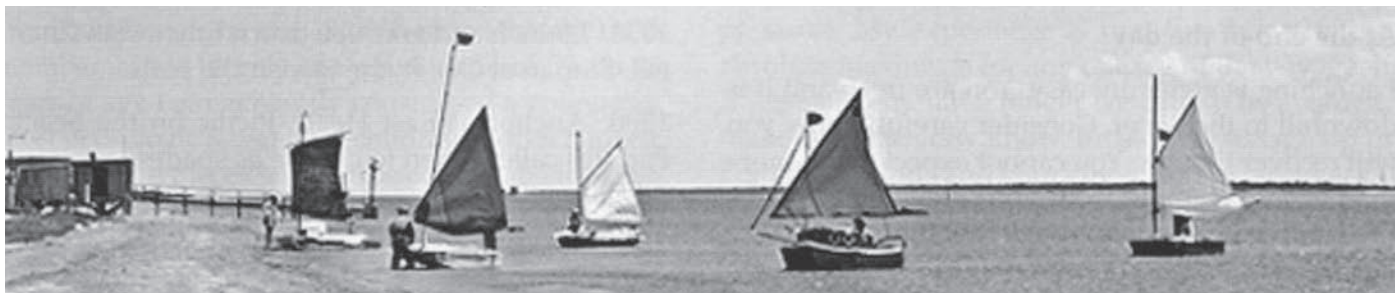
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Very small dinghies, like the poor, are always with us, mainly as training craft for kids or as easily managed tenders for bigger boats. But now increasing numbers of adults, some of them expert sailors and designers, are building boxy tiddlers and sailing them with boundless enthusiasm, as are their partners and offspring. This was first brought home to me when I was reading an account of the Texas 200 in Bob Hicks' excellent magazine *Messing About in Boats* (the closest you'll get to the spirit of the DCA outside this *Bulletin*). We keep two copies of every issue in the library.

In the December 2009 issue there was an account of the Texas Raid by a participant, Kim Apel. Across the pond they criticize the European Raids for being over organized, rule bound, expensive to enter, health and safety riddled, full of forms to fill in, and mostly aimed at craft that win prizes at shows, the posh totty of small boat design. Hence, the fact that the Texas 200 is a no rules, no kudos, no liability on your own head be it event that starts at Mansfield near the most southern tip of the state and runs north for about 200 miles and five days following the Intracoastal Waterway to Magnolia Beach, Texas. Good luck to them, say I. There was the usual eclectic mix of craft shown, then suddenly over the page appeared the photograph at the top of this page:

The caption read, "The PDRacers made a point of arriving in camp each evening in a group." Racers? These boats measure 8'x4', with the bow transom the same width as the stern. And they are successfully taking part in a 200-mile Raid. This is the design which is a focus of boaty enthusiasm at the moment. It is a restricted development class and you can find all you need to know about the Puddle Duck Racer (for this is what it is) at <http://pdracer.com/rules>. And I defy you not to download and print those pages.

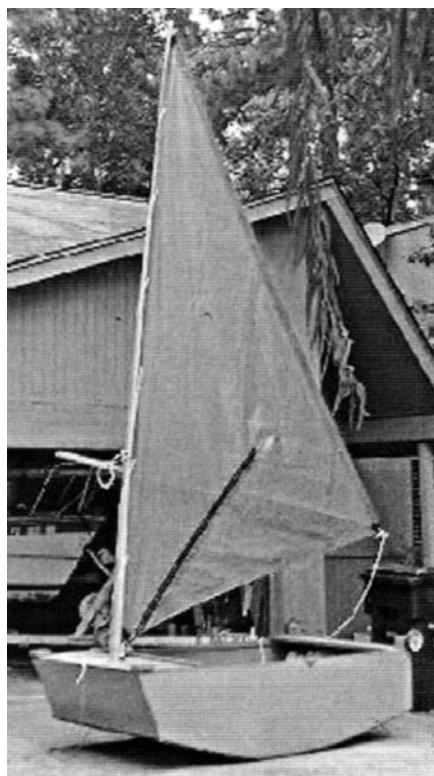
It all started with the Bolger Brick. One of the principle design features is immediately obvious, the bottom rocker minimizes the chances of the huge bow transom slamming, and this transom gives the hull tremendous stability as it heels. "Shorty" Routh and others picked up Phil Bolger's idea and ran with it, to the extent that it is now a worldwide phenomenon with boats drawn by Jim Michalak, John Welsford, and Michael Storer, as well as continuous development being pursued by the original designers. It is clear, by the way, the rules are framed that one aim is to avoid the choking commercial stranglehold that is found in established classes like the Optimist.

The websites that feature the boat are models of what the internet can achieve. Michael Storer admits that providing plans by email at \$20US each has been a successful experiment. His site is particularly good, a condensed course in simple boat building apart from anything else: <http://www.storer>

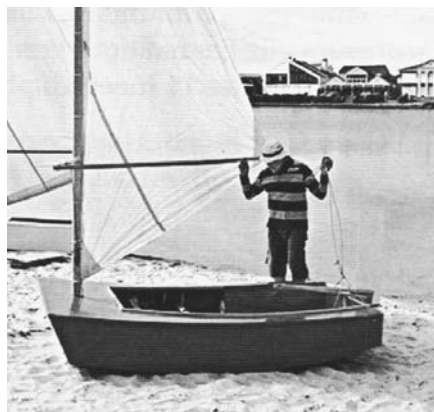
The Rise of the MicroBoat

By Keith Muscott

Reprinted from the *Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin* #206
Spring 2010 (Great Britain)



boatplans.com. Michael has even produced plans for a 12' version; yes, you've guessed it, The Goose.



John Welsford has responded in kind (<http://www.jwboatdesigns.co.nz/plans>) and has developed a boat which is characteristi-

cally NZ (see elsewhere in this issue—Ed.), just as Storer has produced a typically Aussie boat, light, strong and over-canvassed. Both have been very thoughtfully and seriously worked out.

The design represents the triumph of a rational approach over conventional boat aesthetics, so the PDR is a modest move into new territory. In a microboat it makes sense to maximize the amount of buoyant hull within the length x beam parameters, hence the oblong plan. In any boat with the mast stepped far forward, including some lugsail designs I've sailed in, there is a tendency for the stem to be depressed when running downwind under a press of canvas: not a problem you would expect with the PDR. And if aesthetics trouble you, there is a wonderful statement from Shorty, "For some reason, many sailors think they should have only one sailboat, please realize it is perfectly OK to have several sailboats."

Speaking of aesthetics, it is clear that most builders have opted for a conventional side view; John Welsford's boat, when viewed in elevation, could be a small stem dinghy with a sweet sheerline, as you can see. Unfortunately that sheerline on an oblong boat tends to give the impression of a Dutch clog. More interesting, I think, is the reverse sheer drawn by Andrew Linn (US) for his *Salem Electron*. I downloaded his plans (<http://waderweb.com/plans/expedition/recon.htm>) and found that the sheerline was not just aesthetic, but functional, he wanted high topsides in way of the rowlocks because it is an expedition boat that needs to be rowed comfortably for long periods, but he wanted to avoid overall "block of flats" topsides which would catch too much wind. He uses the Australian design (Storer) below and his own ideas above. And it works. It seems to be the only PDR that was designed for cruising from the first pencil line, in other words a DCA PDR, if anyone is interested. Andrew is ongoing in his enthusiasm for developing the boat and is now considering under-sole buoyancy to reinforce the sole and allow him to have more storage elsewhere. Hmmm, not sure that's such a good idea.



Within the rules, one may do practically anything to the topsides, as can be seen on this page, some are 2' deep! But the lower hull dimensions and the 8'x4' plan are not negotiable.



Enough of this puddleduckery, is there anything else of interest out there?

Well, if you're interested in reducing a boat to the absolute minimum, you could do a lot worse than look at Hannu's Boatyard, <http://koti.kapsi.fi/hvartial> where the plans are not only interesting, but free. Our Nick Watt built his Portugese-style dinghy *Discord* as a tender to *Harmony*.



Here is Hannu rowing it. As the name suggests, it has a flat bottom, a high bow, and plenty of rocker. This curvaceous craft is formed out of straight-sided panels; the side panels come together at the stem to form a right angle when screwed to an apron which is a simple length of square section timber; the low thwart runs longitudinally so the occupant can shuffle up and down it to balance the boat, obvious when you think about it. And the bottom panel is marked out by placing the assembled sides on it and drawing round the structure. No sail has been suggested for this 7'x3'10" dinghy, but it's probably just a matter of time. Like many boats of this size it takes 1½ sheets of plywood.

The Cape Cod Frosty is a proper racing dinghy and it measures 6'4" LOA. Winter racing series are organized for this boat, and the website is very professionally done: <http://www.capecodfrosty.org/>. It is a revelation to see them being carried underarm to the water to be raced and to see them planing in competition! And also to hear from

one who sails them. Take a look: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E-5Ux0En00c>.

Of course, there are a lot of very pretty small boats out there that were designed along more conventional lines. Here are two:

Apparently the Nutshell is a delight to sail, but the foils need to be bigger than drawn. Iain Oughtred's Acorn would not have looked out of place on the deck of an 18th century warship, it has a lovely traditional air about it with the plumb stem and clinker planking.

When I thought "aloud" about this article on OpenBoat Forum, I was immediately sent many suggestions of boats that should be included. Everyone seems to be drawn to the idea of small sailboats and has a favorite. Some suggestions were good, but too big to be considered, like Bolger's Auray Punt: if you don't stop at 8' you open the floodgates. Other dinghies were great performers, but too dedicated to racing or youth training, with wall-to-wall buoyancy and no storage, like the lovely little Firebug, which also has well-presented information on its website courtesy of Peter Tait; or venerable older designs outside the UK like the Sabot, 8' long with a leeboard; it is called El Toro when it has a centerboard: <http://www.naples-sabot.org/senior.htm>. In America, this class seems to have escaped the fate of the Optimist, that is, tightly controlled at all levels by an Association too interested in chequebook sailing, but I'm told that is not the case with Australian Sabots, unfortunately.

The Optimist (7'7"x3'8½") was designed in Florida and spread via Scandinavia to become one of the largest (and most tightly controlled) classes in the world. It was granted full international status and administered by the IYRU from 1973. If you enquire about plans for the wooden Optimist, you are discouraged from building your own by being told that it is practically certain your boat won't measure. The Association's application form for plans is a joke, there isn't even a return address on it! Clearly the manufacturer's interests (and prices) are well safeguarded. So no more about the Oppy. Someone told me recently that you can obtain Optimist plans from the RYA for £11. Surely not?

I recently bought the 1:10 plans for the *Practical Boat Owner* Pup; at £23 it seemed ungracious not to. This is one of the most attractive microboats I've seen, and it reputedly performs well under sail, oar, and motor up to 2.5hp. It measures 7'9"x4'9", about 4' on the waterline beam. The prototype was built over the four days of Boats on Show at Pangbourne 2000. To speed up the process it was glued up with Balcotan and had chine stringers. Later the designer, Andrew Simpson of *Practical Boat Owner*, contacted Peter Fletton, one of the builders, to invite him to put together the Mk II version, which uses epoxy stitch and tape and has side tanks. The Pup appears to be another 8' Tardis; existing craft do service as load carrying yacht tenders or are full of grandkids. I think it looks as graceful as a short, beamy, flat bottomed, double chined hull can. Sail area measures out at about 60sf on gunter spars, so my old Mirror woodwork and mainsail may yet come in handy.

Building starts with a simple jig, a frame of four planks on edge. The bulkheads and transoms are clamped to this, then the bottom is fixed in position, followed by the top-side panels, then the chines last. The plans are clear, if a little incomplete (no sign of the rubbing strips now incorporated into the basic design) but this isn't rocket science and

they are easy to sort out. The daggerboard is offset to port, to give a very clear floor (for sleeping, perchance?) but again, early reports suggest that the board, and the rudder, need to be bigger. These dimensions seem to be scaled down with length and beam in the micros, when perhaps they should be considered separately. One answer would be a second board to starboard which would have the ancillary use of providing a water-level footstep when in the capsize position.

The building instructions are just a little over two A4 pages to go with three A1 sheets of drawings. PBO have compensated by including two photocopies of magazine articles on the boat, one a detailed description of the build. All the same, one wonders how this boat would be presented if a Welsford or a Storer were presenting it.

PBO are eager to discover what Pup owners are up to, so the little vessel stands a chance of catching on. I hope so.

Of course microboats have been around for ages. As we read on these pages recently, the 1790s saw Matthew Flinders mapping a surprising amount of the Australian coastline in his 6' cockleshell *Tom Thumb*, transported over from England inside the launch of the ship carrying the new governor... and I built a Gremlin a quarter of a century ago...

Percy Blandford's Gremlin is still available from <http://www.clarkcraft.com/>. It is a 7'7"x 3'10" hull, typically weighing 85lbs/36.6k with a Gunter rig. It was promoted at the time as the longest hull that could be built with a bottom panel cut from a single 8' ply sheet. One-and-a-half sheets got you the basic boat, but it was better to opt for the Gremlin Major with 1" higher sides.

The bottom panel is split at one end and sprung to give a V forward and a curve aft. The method of achieving this is the most difficult building operation. The panel is cut and the hog, after shaping, is sprung down into the panel by a strut braced against the workshop ceiling to form the curve. I worked a scissor-jack into the strut system to control the curve. Clearly, this design would be best built now using the stitch and tape method.

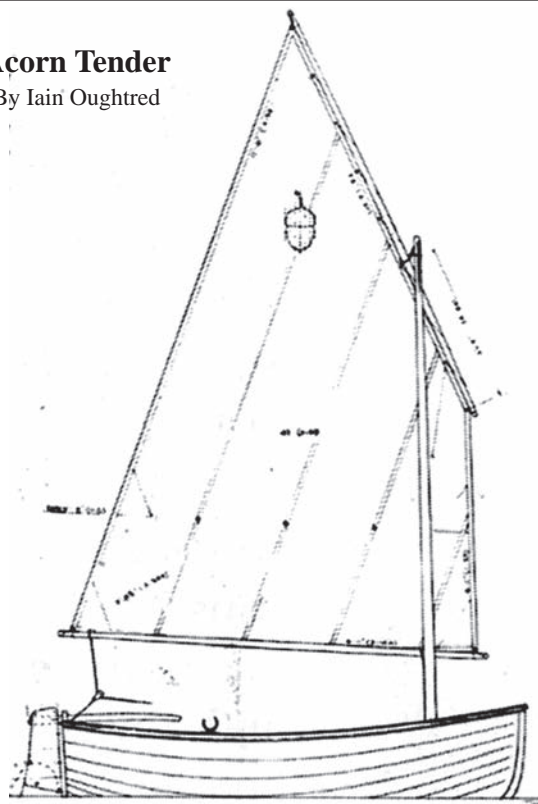


For More Information About the DCA

Membership Secretary: Tony Nield
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Acorn Tender

By Iain Oughtred

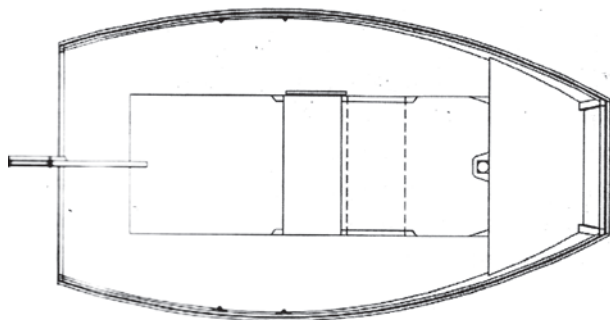
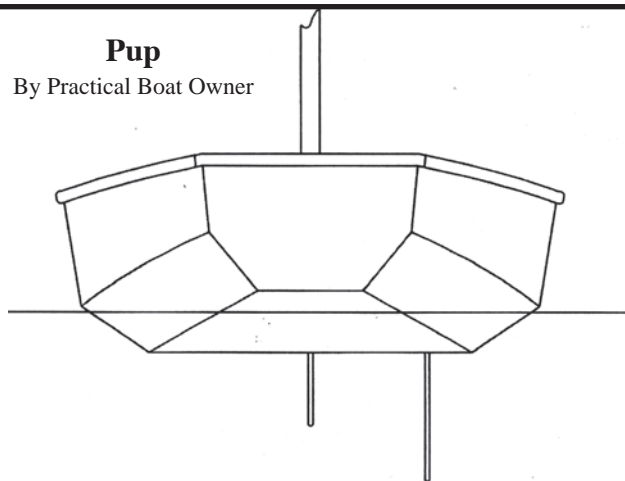


I'll finish by quoting a brief comment from Michael Storer concerning the PD Racer concept:

"I would say that the appearance of the PDR is an essential component of its interestingness. It is so counterintuitive as few expect such a silly looking boat to sail so well. It kinda proves that form never follows function, form only being a bunch of stylistic trends that are accepted by a group at one time or another. So all in all the PDR highlights how many of our assumptions about performance and capability are simply prejudice."

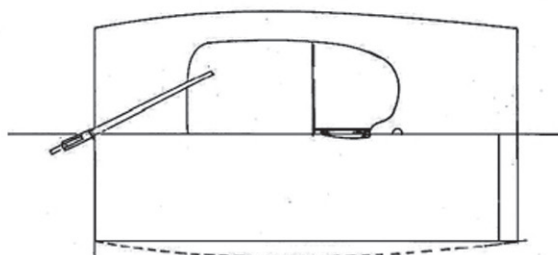
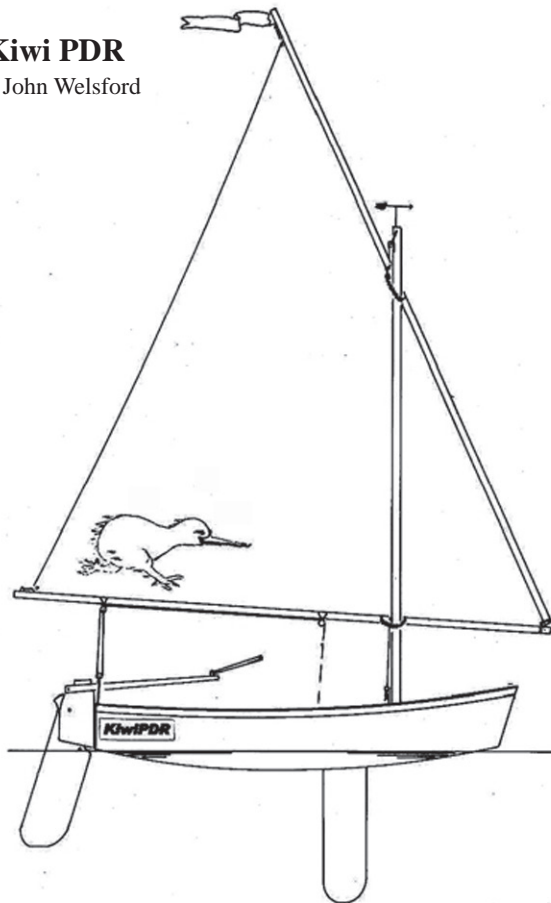
Pup

By Practical Boat Owner



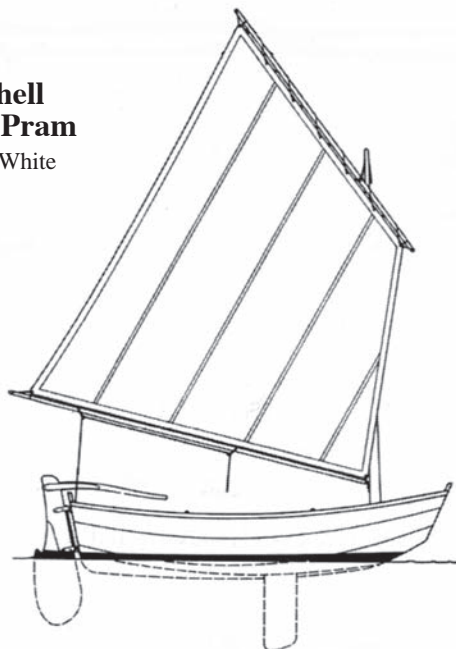
Kiwi PDR

By John Welsford



Nutshell Sailing Pram

By Joel White



Kids need boats, most kids need boats that don't take a big bite out of the wallet, and if dad, with some help, can build something seamanlike at home with limited skills, tools, time, space, and budget, then said kid is much more likely to get the boat that they so dearly want.

It's not a lot different for grown up kids, we all want to have a few hours now and again when we can pretend we're 12 and enjoy those carefree times, but many of the "toys" promoted as achieving this are out of our reach in all respects, or at best stress other areas of our lives.

"Shorty" Routh felt that there was a need for just such a toy, and after what I have no doubt was much thought, drew up a set of rules for a very simple 8'x4' plywood box boat and set up a website to provide access and encouragement to what he dubbed the "Puddleduck Racer" class of sailing boat.

Those rules closely define the shape of the boat in the lower 10" of the hull but above that, and to a large extent within the hull, pretty much anything goes. Polytarp sails, broom closet pole masts and booms, tiny cabins, two or three sails, and anything that you can think off. Some of the resulting boats are a little "eccentric" in their appearance, but the thing that they have in common is that the owners have a really great time, and they give their proud owners far more bang for their buck than pretty much any other home-built boat I've seen. You can check them out at www.pdracer.com.

Most of the boats will fit on a roof rack or utility trailer and, stood up on end against the wall, they don't occupy much space in the garage and yet they can carry two adults or up to three kids. There are beginning to be held rallies where the boats meet to make friends and compare notes, and if you want to be serious there are regional and "world" championships, events which are way more fun than the Americas Cup, for example.

A group of Puddleduckers completed the 2008 Texas 200 coastal tour, weathering some very difficult conditions and long, long days on board. Two hundred miles is a long way in a big boat, it's a huge distance in a PD Racer, but all who started the event finished it.

There is also a very healthy and interesting community of "Duckers" building up around the concept, the "PD Racer" providing enough room for experimentation for even the most off-the-wall amateur designer as well as a stable and proven boat for those who just want a project to share with the children.

Jackie Monies explains to Ashes the cat that she is busy right now finishing off the last of the woodwork on her new boat. Supper will be later.



The Kiwi PD-Racer

Designed and Described by "Kiwi"

Photos courtesy of
Jackie and Mike Monies
John Welsford jwboatdesigns@xtra.co.nz



Out sailing, the lateen rig is both easily handled and a good performer.



Kiwi PD-Racer

Length 8'
Beam 4'

Weight approximately 65lbs

Sail area 55sf

Race sail area 77sf

Plans, a printable download including a comprehensive step-by-step building guide and details of two on line support groups \$25. To order contact: Duckworksmagazine, 608 Gammenthaler, Harper, TX 78631 Or you can get an instant printable download at: www.duckworksmagazine.com.

I had been watching the gradual development of the Puddleduck racer for a while but had not taken it at all seriously until my good friend Jackie Monies in Oklahoma asked me if I would design one for her. Now there is a "professional" design out there as an option to the mostly work-it-out-yourself plans on the PDR website, and the very detailed plans give the builder a sophisticated and good performer, but in terms of the PDR, it's an expert's boat and Jackie, who is old enough to be retired, an ex-flower arranger who was not very familiar with woodworking tools and whose health means that she has some physical limitations, felt that she'd like something simpler.

I asked some questions about her ideal seat height, reach, strength, and so on, all part of the usual process of fitting a custom design to the customer, and began drawing. The KiwiPD-Racer is quite different from the usual PDR, is very easy to put together, it's got a bigger cockpit than most, huge buoyancy tanks which also double as dry storage. It has curves, most of these little boats are really box-like, but this one has curved "wings" that run from bow to stern formed by the overhanging decks. These make comfortable seats, getting the crew weight out where it is most useful in keeping the boat stable, and which leave the middle of the boat clear so it's possible to sit down on a cushion when the wind is light.

The rig is very similar to the hugely popular "Sunfish" sailing boat, but smaller so it is easy for children or not so experienced adults to manage. Like the rest of the boat the rig can be all hardware store materials rather than expensive dedicated marine fittings, even the sail can be made from material found at your local big box home improvement center.

There are lots of other little refinements in the KiwiPD-Racer, but the best thing about it is that it's four sheets of cheap plywood, about a two weekend build, needs only very basic woodworking tools and skills, and the performance is a great deal better than you'd expect. They are more fun for the dollar than anything else you can think of.

Built in the sunroom at the back of the house, here is Jackie and Mike's new boat ready to go sailing. A real credit to the pair of them.



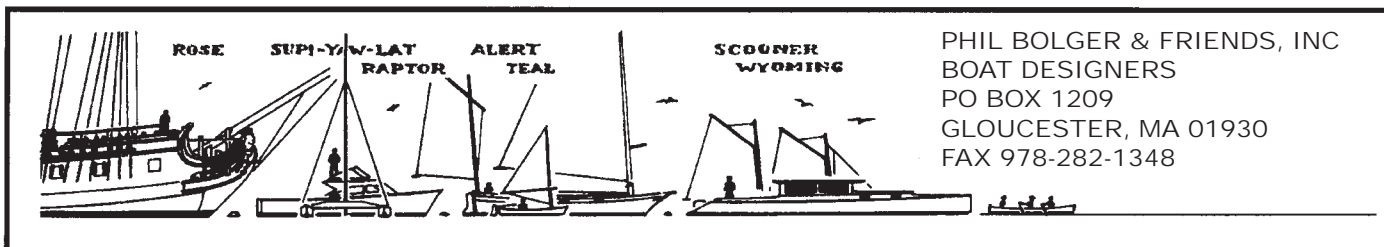


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This Design Study emerged in the process towards a full design commission many years ago. The client lived in Matsue, Japan, and intended to roam the Pacific for many months at a time every year. He had referenced our Design #372 Romp (30'x8'4"x1'6"x6'7" board down x 372sf x 8,200lbs) and cited its simplicity as platform for one, at most two. He expressed a preference for "purity from simplicity" and associated additional layers of philosophical meaning that had direct bearing on the future of the project.

We proposed that while Romp's appearance may look simple, her shape and thus construction is actually rather demanding. Her plans are actually only scant, since drawn for an experienced builder. Phil offered recollections how an Australian builder had approached his Romp project with similar assumptions to find out that indeed she required more hours and skill to build than assumed. That boat was rendered beautifully and he would coastal cruise her for many years. Later he passed her along to her current owners who took her offshore as far as Noumea in New Caledonia, about 760nm east off Australia.

We also pointed out that cruising the vast reaches of the Pacific amounts to de facto "living aboard" and thus required certain volume and weight carrying capabilities, long term comfortable ergonomics, and outlined the unambiguous issues of safety far away from help such as sinking-resistance, self-repairability, relative crew safety alone on deck, protection from the elements, etc.

So while we very much like the free-form shape of Romp and the many smaller and larger such types in the archives, for this project we proceeded with an appeal to actual simplicity starting with hull material and shapes as a basis for one layout option to match the brief for a plain but comfortable Pacific roaming single/two hander. What follows is a condensed version of our proposal:

Why Plywood?

Most rapid hull assembly with least discards. With fully developed/predetermined hull panels, bulkheads, and other structural/functional ply shapes calculated on paper for direct transfer onto plywood for subsequent cutting, pre-coating, and assembly over a few jigs with least "to be discarded" pieces of lumber, we reduce time and material consuming arrangements of molds, backbones, and other temporary structures, almost none of which would eventually become part of the finished hull.

Unequalled hull skin thicknesses attainable in a very rigid impact/gouging resistant sandwich of heavy plywood laminations. Nasty gouges from natural and manmade obstacles in her path may not penetrate fully due to the available depth of total laminate before the hull either stops movement or bounces away from the hard encounter.

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"Matsue Traveler" A Study

Inherent opportunity to attain reliable "Sinking Resistance" in conjunction with dedicated buoyancy volumes due to this particular choice of hull shape and thus assembly. Positive buoyancy would be built in throughout her hull structure, mostly below rub rail for real world utility, to gradually outweigh by a good margin all heavier than water items aboard, particularly her significant ballast plating below. In fact, the point is to allow her to float in a controlled attitude after hull penetration, which that very ballast should actually be very handy for. This should allow donning at least a wetsuit to dive over the side with a bendy piece of 1/4" ply, a few coarse thread self-tapping screws in a pouch, along with a screwdriver on a lanyard (all in a custom emergency tool-belt!) all to allow direct in-the-water temporary patching of the gash, possibly even with a bead of 3M 5200 underwater sealant applied to the ply before diving to reduce any weeps to a minimum.

After patching, pumping out would preoccupy mind and body in likely the most strenuous and serious workout of your life, and may take many hours if not a day or two! But at least she did not go down within minutes, as most yachts do after perforation. Thus, even damaged, she is your life raft without need to drift helplessly in a vulnerable inflatable. More or less dry she could then be put back into action under sail! If remaining physical and mental strength allow purging the outboard of seawater before too much corrosion sets in internally, that would allow you to get power assist as well; fuel tank-age details such as supply line, filler cap, and vent lines can be built to keep water out on demand, when the motor is not running at least, by positively locking valves of all as a matter of routine offshore sailing protocol, or a quick hand movement if under power during the collision episode.

Inherent thermal performance to largely eliminate condensation across a broad range of temperatures and humidity levels and seriously enhance at least temporary cold season habitability, particularly if thick exterior polycarbonate transparencies are enhanced by a thin interior membrane of same material to stop window condensation as well and reduce heat loss. We have lived fulltime for 13 years aboard our *Resolution* across all four seasons with temperatures of mid-90s to single digits Fahrenheit and thus have decent personal

sense of what is necessary to provide enhanced habitability in a full-time live-aboard.

Finally, plywood shapes can be efficient running and appealing visually, particularly if seen within the context of simple workboat shapes that emerged around the globe independent of each before the age of worldwide information exchanges.

Here we have a simple flaring midsection hull shape above and below waterline, with a deep-Vee bow attached externally to the massive bottom plate (see more on that below). Thus, statically there are some decent shadows cast and hints of boxiness largely avoided, and dynamically we have a shallow, legs far apart, midsection prevailing along her hull for load carrying and relative stiffness versus her sail plan, combined with a smooth entry where it matters both at quiet rest or slicing through short deep chop.

Apart from these serious plywood-related opportunities, we could not resist to see what other concepts might be suitable. We approached this project under the premises of ergonomics, safety, simplification, and economics. Instead of trying to cater to the many prejudices of what presumably makes a "Sailing Passagemaker," we looked at the wish list and began with a clean slate to focus on the essentials of cruising long distances under sail and occasional low power in a 33/35' home buildable monohull.

"Matsue Traveler"

Preliminary Specifications:

LOA: 37'2" – LOD: 33'4"

LWL (static): 28'5"

Beam over Rubrail: 10'1"

Beam on Deck: 9'7"

Breadth of Bottom: 8'0"

Draft Hull (full load): 1'6"

Draft Max Centerboard: 5'1"

Sail Area: Approx 800sf

Displacement Max: 12,500lbs

This a modern balanced lug rigged cat-ketch medium ballasted monohull laid out specifically for autonomy enhancing stores intensity to support the long distance single hander in an ergonomically plausible; i.e., comfortable and safe (!) single cabin plus aft cockpit work and living space. All on deck activities are possible behind adequate height railings and foot/hip wells. The open single cabin interior with enclosed head and shower space is meant to allow sailing from below as well, using autopilot and respective routing of sheets, reef lines, and halyards. Ergo, the large but thick polycarbonate armor plate and laminated glass transparencies allow 250+° field of vision, offering ample opportunity during long offshore passages to stay out of sun, rain, and wind if so chosen. Her appearance certainly is a mix of cultural influences but will likely place her homeport at the western rim of the Pacific. Between her rig, the sheerline and hopefully your choice

of indigenous color combinations reflecting her flag's preferences, she would appear to us reasonably easy on the eyes, especially if seen in context of hull material, proposed purpose, cost, and home-construction.

Her Layout

That bow shape allows a simple stout hull shape and structure with a reasonably sophisticated deep-Vee bow shape under sail, power, and at rest. It has already been built in a number of sizes.

Her masts' placement reflect the requirements of a fully battened balanced lug cat ketch, with both folding within her overall length for compactness in marinas, lock chambers, and other tight spots. The heel locks are readily accessible for quick lowering on demand.

Her open foredeck offers near centerline railing towards the mast well for foredeck work in safety, options for through deck hatches for sealed-to-the-inside storage volumes for dirty/wet items, and a panoramic view when living or working in the cabin below.

Under her foredeck we've shown adequate volume for long distance travel-related supplies. More later.

The cabin will likely come unexpected in its single room (plus head) open space layout surrounded by large heavy duty transparencies. We would specify between $\frac{1}{2}$ " and $\frac{3}{4}$ " of Lexan for the house glazing and $\frac{1}{4}$ " in the cockpit. Not cheap, but magic in its improvements of habitability always and safety at sea seeing where you are going when below by choice or necessity. The point is to make living and cruising aboard a proposal with plausible ergonomic and emotional conditions.

Standing headroom throughout that space along with the simplicity of just two full-length berths/seaberths along with one all purpose table, a decent galley, and that separate head seem both minimal and yet physically and emotionally generous in actual clearances and sense of space; one or both berths could pull out for twosome sleeping. Taking catnaps out of the rain or the burning sun, for instance, would be interrupted only by regular head raising to scan the horizon ahead and abeam; a single hammock might be an option to sleep at any angle of heel. The table is large enough, we believe, for large format charts. A few feet of bookshelf space above the wet-locker are complemented by bookshelf length below the center of the table; i.e. the centerboard case extension.

Since all stores, maintenance supplies, tools, spares are to be stowed in the volumes ahead and abaft this cabin, only clean and personal items should dominate this room apart from (hopefully) perpetually dry comm/nav gear. Thus volumes under the berths, shallow stowage under the floorboards, any overhead netting etc. would not be wet and grimy, etc.

The galley is a straightforward L-shaped affair with a flip forward cover over the stove's burners doubling as a work area extension forward over the starboard berth; propane outside self-draining and likely aft.

The head doubles as shower/sponge-bath room to keep water out of the main-cabin.

Forward companionway opens the cabin with two stout overlapping/self-sealing doors for access onto the foredeck. Details about steps and certain clearances as yet to be detailed.

Aft companionway gives access to the cockpit. Under its step and under the cock-

pit's footwell are dedicated tools, supplies, maintenance related storage in three centerline drawers under liftpup steps.

Cockpit offers good ergonomics, safety, and additional sleeping options on 8' long seats behind stout railings seemingly perforated but actually sealed to wind and spray from the waves below by polycarbonate (Lexan) transparency, keeping butt and kidneys dry and protected from wind. Stowage cuddies could be detailed later, but deep primary stowage opportunities are under the seat surfaces, as discussed later.

Outboard motor is invisible, both from the cockpit as well as from over 270° angle of observers. Access is via solid sound-deadened floor hatch opening up an about 30" wide well with space for power between 10hp and 50hp large-prop four-stroke outboard. We'd have at least the 25hp large prop Yamaha T-25 for reasonably authoritative 12.5"x 8" prop bite to stop and maneuver her in tight quarters, along with reasonable economy running; heavier (unproblematic) would be the Yamaha T-50 for more 14"x11" bite and thrust yet, and truly luxurious typically running at much lower rpm if you can stand the added cost.

Stern davit hung "Tortoise" 6'6"x3'3" two-person rowing/sailing dinghy (our #363) is meant to be at the ready at all times, always in the lee of her stern when at anchor, while high enough above the water in most conditions to not take harm in following seas. Davit and cockpit extensions could be attached outside your shop when you also hang the rudders and for the first time cycle the mast laying sequence.

Twin rudder-cum-skegs and forward centerboard offer an unorthodox geometry with serious advantages:

In our 11'6" "Dart," the 19'4" "Canard," and 24'6" "Ste. Valerie," this geometry has offered unusually steady tracking, giving a big ship feel in terms of directional stability that should be attractive on a single handed long distance sailing craft as well.

Similar to the rationale in these designs, here this geometry opens up significantly her living space. But while in terms of draft these three craft had hard and deep, or retractable, or elaborate pivoting rudder mounts, here we would prefer to use a rigid and stout but shallow end plated stern hung rudder geometry. To achieve the combination of unarticulated sturdy shallow draft with adequate effectiveness, the issue here is to get enough effective rudder area in the water to balance the unorthodox but proven forward location of the centerboard. Therefore, we show twin rudders connected via simple ball jointed dragbar mounted such to get Ackermann steering type equalizing of rudder blades to each other throughout their travel from hard over to hard over; both rudders are controlled by single on-centerline tiller.

While we have done underslung twin-rudder-cum-skeg geometries, here we follow your preferences for transom advantages; i.e., ruggedness of stern hung rudders with all pivot hardware above the waterline for long-term durability, and rudders' balance area under the hull that lightens steering load and supports hull and rudder when, at low tide, she sits on the mud or sand of your choice.

Hull Shape and Comfort at Sea

This is essentially a sharpie hull derivative with a modified bow section we've developed over many designs since our first

sharpie in 1954. Whether under sail only or under power whenever necessary, cruising aspirations require a hull that can be driven with low power. For her displacement and necessary habitat volume for her crew, Matsue Traveler is a comparatively slender and shallow boat; i.e., it has a narrower waterline beam of around 8'8" and minimal draft of around 18" combined with superior reserve stability. Her hull's gentle curves minimize drag and are easy to construct stoutly. With the conventional sharpie geometry dramatically improved by the addition of the sharp Vee-Nose under her bow, her forward motion should require low power input from sail or engine per given speed through a broad variety of wave conditions.

We are basing this hull on a 4+ ply-sheet hull length resulting in a structure around 33'(35') in length. Underwater her 8' wide bottom is flat right across for maximum load carrying capability and stability per given beam, while above water the physical volume of her house and stern result in adequate reserve stability and decent habitable volume for extended single-handing on that length hull. Her sides flare to an near 10' wide hull with a waterline beam of around 8'8" on 18" hull draft. While she is comparatively slender, this hull shape is not a heavy rolling type due to its flat midsection over much of her length.

Matsue Traveler's directional stability comes from a combination of a smooth-acting buoyant bow, long gently curved hard chines, the good sized centerboard, her stout twin skegs, and the solid twin balanced rudders hung on her transom. The rudders would likely be 2" thick and with the balance area under the hull quite likely to shrug off groundings, protected reasonably well by the skegs from impact from flotsam.

A Cruising Efficient Sailing Rig

One way to get a good amount of sail-area in a slender, shallow auxiliary with shorter tabernacled masts is to spread it out low. Both Western and Eastern sailing rig evolutions feature versions of balanced lugs on one or more masts. The rig shown here is a modern interpretation of a balanced lug ketch. The modern interpretation consists of fully battened sails and sheeting boom, the upper batten, and the yard of the mainsail to control twist. The reef lines are pulled down onto the booms and then run towards tabernacle and them to the house where cleats/clutches do the rest. Three sheets per sail should suffice to control twist across just about the full range of reefing and sail angle options. Between main and mizzen, it should be routine to provide effective drive on many points by balancing the various geometric centers and vectors of forces. The mizzen can stand alone such as the option of power sailing in strong winds when the main won't stand except much reefed and less effective. For calmer nights on anchor, the mainmast is bare for the night, with the mizzen left standing. For superior stability on the hook the mainmast can be lowered aft.

As a matter of safety, the hoisting, reefing, and sheeting of the mainsail are intended to be routinely controlled from either the well defined security of the afterdeck and from within the deckhouse, with all winches, rope clutches, cleats immediately at hand, and the after end of the house. Main and mizzen sheet and color-coded reef line control will not necessitate more than either standing in the aft companionway or even routing

everything inside. The mizzen of heavy cloth is expected to stand in almost all conditions.

Access to the bow is through her centerline forward companionway and offers safety of around 3' high railings along centerline. There you'd stand for most work in a hip high watertight self-draining (into centerboard trunk) well right in the shadow of her substantial mainmast tabernacle (heavy weather well cover not shown here). For handling docking lines from amidships on forward, standing outside the railing should allow easy jumping onto floats or adjusting fenders in a lock chamber. Finally you could run two stout single wires between main tabernacle and the house forward edge to allow a harness to be clipped in to secure crew on a heaving foredeck for the very rare bit of work outside the forward railing at sea.

Notice, that the typical arguments against placing the weight of a mainmast into the boat's bow is weakened substantially in this geometry through the placement of the chain/rode stowage further aft than often usual.

Load Carrying for Long Distance Cruising Under Sail and Power

Cruising long distances necessitates carrying adequate water and food supplies, tools, spares, and the usual assortment of cruising boat related hardware, plus personal belongings, clothes, etc. Beyond her significant water and food load, Matsue Traveller can accommodate a sufficient amount of such gear mostly in the dedicated areas under her foredeck and under her cockpit. At 18" draft she may displace around 12,500lbs in full extended cruise trim.

Gasoline Tankage

She could carry around 55gals of gasoline in a single tank on centerline (plus jerry cans) for an easy 200-250 econo-cruise miles under power; not much, but adequate to keep off reefs in calms, off lee shores, and making controlled approaches into tight quarters where sailing is either illegal, impossible, or just plain unsafe. Again the option of episodes of motorsailing will be handy under certain limited duration conditions. If necessary for a particular purpose, this decidedly consumable weight could be added to for more range under power, since relative overload in forward and aft-compartments is temporary by definition.

Batteries

A part of her ballast would be larger batteries as their generous capacity allows more gentle discharge/recharge cycles. Your rare marina visit would allow thorough recharge (plus conditioning) of batteries, while typically your miserly consumption should be matchable by generous photovoltaics plus one wind generator on her stemhead for serious autonomy. With gasoline aboard, there is always the option of carrying one of those super-quiet Honda portable generators for rare must recharge emergencies.

Fresh Water Capacity (plus Black-Water Tank)

She can carry well over 100gals option to further enhance your autonomy/survival chances. The first assumption here is that you will have enough potable water capacity to be underway for many weeks without needing replenishment from rain, reverse osmosis, or land based sources. The second is that you should be able to hold your wastewater

for quite some time in a beautiful clear water anchorage before heading out into open waters or to the pumpout station to dump the load. Her overall hold volume is large enough to significantly enhance her water and waste tankage if found necessary. Rainwater collection for hygiene purposes (not necessarily drinking purposes) into dedicated rubber bladders is a very immediate option to further stretch relative fresh-water range.

Ample Ground Tackle

She would carry her anchors on stout catheads on her bow but chains and rode in dedicated compartments some 6'+ abaft to lighten the bow of that significant load. Protected by the foredeck railing and standing in the well should significantly reduce the physical hazards often associated with forcefully handling ground tackle and drogues on a moving narrow foredeck.

Ample Dedicated Stowage Volume

A variety is available, as mentioned, in relative abundance under the foredeck and the afterdeck.

Foredeck volume use layout proposal offers two self-draining deck accessible compartments, two bi/tri-level 5' long storage drawers along the centerboard trunk, two large water can storage areas (shapes to be matched to Japanese standards!), plus two solid buoyancy foam compartments, all symmetrically arranged along centerboard-trunk.

Afterdeck volume layout proposal offers centerline outboard motor compartment (25hp large prop Yamaha shown), with the fuel tank arranged ahead of it and behind watertight bulkhead (ahead of tank), a tri-level tool/maintenance drawer combo accessible behind flip-up aft companionway from within cabin, plus 3'-4'+ deep hold under each cockpit bench, to be divided vertically and horizontally in any way plausible, but particularly to allow in one of them the stowage of a folded bicycle/moped and inflatable kayak, or Klepper-type double folding kayak for swamp/inland/creek exploration and supply-runs.

Survival Issues Offshore

Rollovers and pitchpoling: She is not as liable to rollovers or pitchpoling as some cruisers because she is lighter and shallow relative to her buoyancy even when fully loaded, that with the board up in most nasty conditions offshore she will be able to frequently skitter away from a breaking sea, moving with the punches as there is nothing deep down there to trip her at surfing speeds or in broaching conditions. If she is rolled down, or over, she should recover instantly. Cabin ventilation, rig controls, and outboard location in the boat, are designed on centerline with this worst case scenario in mind.

With the main and mizzen reefed, her remaining top hamper that could contribute to her being rolled by sheer momentum coming off a wave on a wrong angle is much less than conventionally rigged masts which always tower to full height and drag (often 50'+ on craft this size) no matter how small the set storm sails.

In anticipation of inescapable gale conditions offshore, lowering the mainmast while the seas are still very moderate would reduce her drag and depth of roll even further, using just the mizzen, plus a flat storm staysail off it, most likely laying to a drogue and/or powering with modest outboard power to reduce/stop her velocity backwards.

Collisions/Hull-Breaches

For worst case scenarios such as collisions and hull breaches, she has five reliably lockable compartments. Should the wheelhouse transparencies be breached this compartmentation should secure survival, with the free water draining into the centerboard trunk rather than into the engine room or the cabin. Dropping her mainsail would be next to keep her from staggering while the water drains, keeping control with jib and mizzen, plus diesel power.

Sinking

She will offer enough wooden structure, insulation foam, plus dedicated buoyancy foam to remain afloat even if fully flooded throughout all of her compartments.

Fire

This would leave fire as the worst hazard for her structural survival and thus survival platform for her crew. Using propane for cooking and (modest) heating requires the usual serious precautions of redundancy, valving, gas sensors/alarms, and good practices.

Eventually we were done explaining her in further detail: This should about do it for the moment. We hope we've gotten further into your head to sharpen the vision of greater levels of utility, safety, and thus performance over the miles, to perhaps embrace a concept like this. We did not succeed with the client, he rejecting our counsel on Romp, living aboard fulltime, and safety issues.

Of course, nothing kept him from trying Romp. There might have even been a chance to organize seeing and sailing the Australian one for a reality check. In the event, we never heard of either that sail nor do we recollect ever receiving an order for Romp plans.

Cape Rosier Boat Shop Peter A. Chase

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My Bolger Micro, *Frogger*, turns 19 years old this November. I may hold the record for longest continuous ownership of a Micro. Can anyone beat that? My daughter gave me a poster/cartoon of a man hugging his sailboat with little hearts floating in the air around him. It's so silly, but just true enough to be captivating. I love my Micro and have warm fuzzy feelings for her designer, Phil Bolger. I don't like it when people say bad things about her, like "she doesn't point high into the wind," or "you can't sail her up to the beach," or "she's kind of hard to launch and retrieve from a trailer." I must admit, though, that all those things are true.

Look at the positive side. An ordinary human being can build a Micro in a year, working just one day a week. When you are finished you will still have enough money for gas. She puts on a good turn of speed on a reach and a run. She is super-stable and you can take skittish landlubbers for a sail and not scare them to death. She is seaworthy and will bring you home every time, at least that is my experience. You can spend the night in her in reasonable comfort. You can leave her outside and never have to bail her. You can single hand her with ease; even sail her into the wind hands free.

The Micro is Bolger design #422. Dimensions are 15'4", 6'0", 1'9". She was designed for Elrow LaRowe and was intended to be an easy-to-sail, small cruiser for a retired person. I bought the plans from Bernard Wolfard of Common Sense Designs. He took over this business from Elrow and published a newsletter for Micro builders. In issue #112 Bernie ran all of Elrow's previous newsletters, the first of which was dated July 1984. I am not sure when Bolger drew up this boat, but maybe it was about 1982. The launching of *Frogger* was in November, 1991, about nine years after the first Micro was built.

Here are a few more features of this boat that I especially appreciate. First, she is easily pulled on a trailer by a small truck or standard sized car. Mine weighs about 1,000lbs, a little heavier than 875lbs if built to plans.

Nineteen Years with a Micro

By George Fulk
(Talequah, Oklahoma)



Pointing in nice breeze. (Photo by Trish Thiel)

I built mine out of 3/8" fir plywood instead of the 1/4" plywood specified in the plans. A lot of the weight of this boat is in the 400lbs of lead in the keel, which is why she is so stable.

Second, the cabin is well ventilated but can be made mosquito proof. The bow doesn't come to a point but has a small transom in which are cut three holes intended to be steps to make boarding the boat easier. A little wind can blow through these holes and that helps to vent the cabin. The bow of the boat has a free flooding well for the anchor. This part of the boat is normally above the waterline. The forward bulkhead, forming the front of the cabin, is watertight. It has a vent. There is also a vent in the drop slide fitting into the companionway and a vent in the aftmost bulkhead. I have screens and baffles in all three vents keeping mosquitoes

and rain out. The wind can blow through the cuddy from either direction. We had never had any mold in the cabin, despite putting wet stuff in there.

Third, I can run this boat aground without causing any damage. What gets hit by that rocky shoal is the keel, not the motor or the rudder. I keep *Frogger* on mooring during the summer months. Last year, a storm came up while I was away. The mooring anchor slipped and the boat spent three hours being beaten by 3' waves against the rocky shore before my neighbor could get it towed out to deeper water. The keel lost a little chip of wood and the lead ballast had a lot of little dents in it. There was no other damage. *Frogger* is one tough boat.

Another feature I like is how the motor is mounted. It is aft of the rudder. I can drop the motor and steer with the rudder without the prop hitting the rudder. That seems like a simple thing, but I am amazed by all the boats I see where there is no real accommodation made for the motor. It just sits in a bracket on the stern where it gets in the way of the rudder. In my Micro, I can lower the motor and motorsail with ease.

We have had a lot of fun in *Frogger*. For the last five years or so, we have sailed entirely in the North Channel of Lake Huron, a great cruising ground. We have used it a lot in Oklahoma lakes, spending many Saturday nights in quiet coves. We have taken her to the coasts of Florida and Texas.

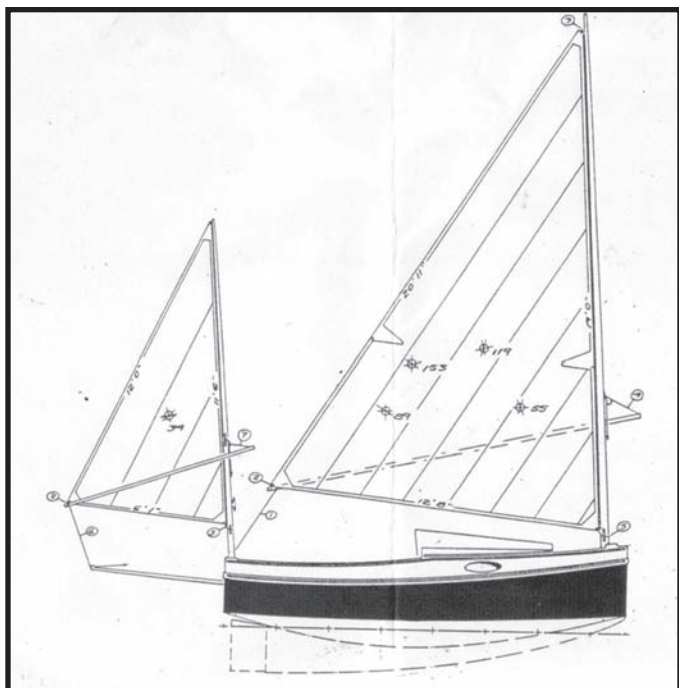
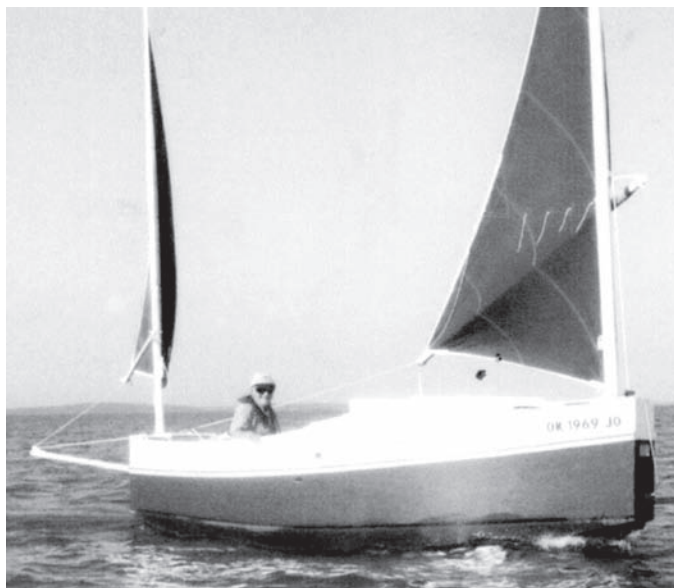
No, she is not for sale. Build your own Micro. I hope to enjoy a few more years sailing this wonderful creation of Phil Bolger.



Reaching in light air. (Photo by Alan Holser)

Micro lines.

Running in light air. (Photo by Trish Thiel)

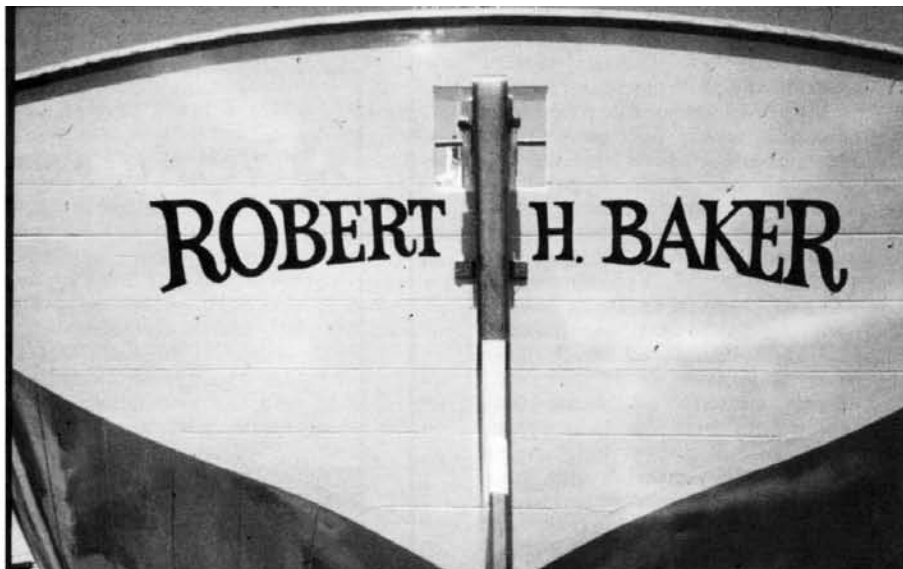


If only
Bob
could
have
seen it...



The 240 OF WESTPORT, built by the Rockport Apprenticeship and displayed at the Wooden Boat Show, is a belated realization of an early Bob Baker dream. Bob drew up the conception in 1949 when he was in his early 20's and just setting out on his forshortened career in designing lovely traditional wooden boats and restoring and researching original classics. The drawing, not much more than a pictorial concept, was put aside 36 years ago and forgotten as Bob went on to other things. It surfaced amongst his accumulated files of designs when his widow Ann ("Pete") and friend Lance Lee, were going through the papers to see what else they might find. Lance fell for the beautiful clipper bowed craft and Pete's son, Steve, a trained naval architect, created the lines and offsets for Lance. The boat was built in the spring of '85 at Rockport and trailered down to Baker's hometown of Westport, MA for launching two days before it was to go on display at the Wooden Boat Show. On the transom the name, ROBERT H. BAKER.

Late afternoon of August 13th a crowd of about 300 gathered at the public ramp in Westport and the Apprenticeship people who had brought the boat down overland, got her off into the water after appropriate ceremonies in memory of Bob. After a row out beyond the congested mooring area near the ramp in the Westport River, the sails went up, and the ROBERT H. BAKER then sailed back and forth past the pier, tacking, jibing, running, reaching, and even sailing right up alongside the pier to take on Baker's son, who had earlier been out in a smaller boat taking photos. Lots of well wishers stayed around to watch this dream come true, Baker's family was tremendously pleased at the interest and support shown. And everyone who watched that lovely boat sailing on the river fell in love with it. After 36 years, a man's early conception of what ought to be a nice big daysailer was on the water. If only Bob could have seen it...



From the top: In memory of . . .
Into the sea.
Rowing out to catch the breeze.
Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

As last described (“Evolution of a Twin-Sail Rig”, May 2010), I was going to put a twinsail fixed mast rig on a surplus trainer windsurfer hull to see if it would sail at all, and if it did, whether I could exceed the 5kt hull speed limit I had encountered with the rig on my Hobie kayak. Things started off well, I was able to scrounge some parts from previous tinkering, including a small pivoting rudder, some tiller hardware, and a complete turnbar tube. I decided to mount the support for the rudder in a Tuttle skeg box since it's a good rigid mounting scheme. I had the opportunity to work with Larry Tuttle some time ago on a previous experimental sailboat and he's a rare combination of intelligent designer and excellent craftsman, so I knew his fin box would be strong enough for the forces without having to worry or calculate anything. It took a bit of machining but the rudder assembly fit nicely. For the rudder control I decided to use a plain tiller stick. It would be a stretch to reach it behind me when I was seated on the hull, but it was simple and I was hot to get out on the water and see if this idea had any merit at all.

For convenience, I also made up a small block that allowed me to put a rear dolly wheel into the rudder mount so I could manhandle the hull around more easily when taking it on and off my truck rack. Part of my interest in a lighter sailboat comes from the practicalities of moving the hull around. The surplus windsurfer, being well used and having a few taped-up punctures, was obese for a sailboard at 50lbs, but light for a sailboat hull. I guess it's a matter of perspective, but even 50lbs can be really heavy if it's at an odd angle or not evenly supported (or your wife lets go of the other end).

To get the mast fixed to the hull was a project. I ended up making two curved

A Hull of an Experiment

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcbglobal.net



The setup with flat seat taped on, single tiller, and pivoting rudder.

gripper pieces out of $\frac{1}{8}$ " sheet aluminum and connecting them on the upper deck side with a piece of 1"x3" rectangular aluminum tube and on the lower side with a thin aluminum strip. I put sticky back sheet rubber inside the grippers so they wouldn't slip too easily and relied on the non-perfect alignment and fit to make it grab as I tightened the fasteners. Sometimes inaccuracy is very helpful. I made a flange and had it welded to the main tube, which was then bolted to the 1"x3" cross piece. The turnbar with the two masts slid down into the main tube to make the indexing setup.

For the seat, I found an old piece of marine plywood, attached a strip of wood under each side, fitting the sides of the hull and sticking out a ways front and back. The good news about my surplus hull was that it was big and cheap. The bad news was that it had polypropylene as the outside surface material and had only two (count them) mounting holes for foot straps in a useless location. I called an adhesive distributor I used to work with on projects and asked about availability, cost, and bond strength for polypropylene adhesive. The answers were ugly and for a day or two I was in the dumps because I had no way to put on the seat. I could attach it with another clamp system, but that would add friction right at the location where the hull surface would be trying to plane.

Then I remembered a video clip I had seen of a kayak sail system where the manufacturer suggested taping it on with clear package tape and sailing it for a while until the final location was determined. It lasted for a day's sailing without problems. With some trepidation I bought a couple of rolls of the clear tape, carefully cleaned the hull surface, and wrapped two rounds in front of the seat over the side strips and two rounds behind, being careful to smooth it down well on the underside of the hull. I fastened another pair of wood strips at the outer edge of the seat surface so I could feel the edge if I got out pretty far out there.

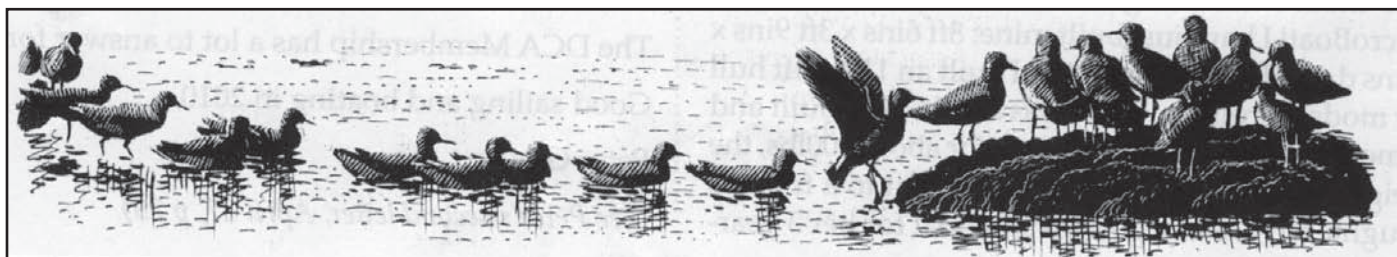
Viewing the whole thing together, I was excited and perturbed. The sails were too high above the deck, the mast mounting hardware looked ugly, the seat was a no-comfort zone, and the tiller/rudder seemed iffy. Overall it had a slightly crazy look. Perfect! Just like most of my experiments. I knew the first sail would be interesting and would give me a lot of news, either good or bad.

(To be Continued)

The windsurfer hull with double mast mount.



Thin cross strap underneath.



In a past article, I asked if you, and those with you, knew where your boat's emergency location transmitter (ELT) was located and how to turn it on manually. While this question seems obvious, consider the personnel on a LNG tanker who drifted for five days until someone arrived to show them how to reconnect the electrical generator to the electronic system that runs the boat. The ship lost power from both main generators and the emergency generator. The cause of the power loss was found and fixed. However, once a main generator was running the crew was unable to engage it on the main switchboard. The reason, two primary circuit breakers had opened with the original problem and the crew was used to using the computer software on the main switchboard to operate the circuit breakers.

The report of this incident by the US Coast Guard went on to note: "The engineer was not familiar with the physical reset of the 3.3kv breakers due to the nature of the engineering system being active all the time. The system is a computer 'point-and-click' system. The engineer was not familiar with the actual reset of the breakers in the main bus room due to the fact that they hadn't had to use them before."

One of my projects has been to relocate the seawater strainer. I carefully took measurements, looked at the possible connection points, and removed the strainer from the seawater input system. I then found out that the new location would not be suitable unless I reversed the hose connections on the strainer. The hose connectors are PVC items threaded into and somehow glued to the strainer. I did not want to go through the process of trying to remove the sealed PVC hose connectors so the strainer went back where it was. During the rebuild process (three weekends) I had a piece of PVC pipe bridging the gap where the filter resided. Yes, the seawater intake is shut off, but one does not want to take chances with one of the three holes in the hull at or below the

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

waterline developing a leak (the three holes are the propeller shaft, the exhaust, and the seawater intake locations).

My new seawater strainer mount is more robust than the previous one. The old mount hung from the battery box shelf. The new mount is secured to the rebuilt battery box shelf and braced on the inside of the hull. The bracing had to fit a compound curve. After my experience with the saddle fuel tank, I made a mockup of the mount out of cardboard to make sure the cuts matched the curve of the inner hull. Since I did not want to put holes in the inside liner of the hull, I used one of the glue caulks to hold the bottom of the mount in place. The mount was bolted at the top with some of the strain of the weight of the filter being carried by the bottom of the mount's attachment to the inner hull. I know that most people would fiberglass the base of the mount, but I can no longer work with the substance as I have a reaction to the fumes generated by the chemical bonding of the resin and matting material.

When I was much younger, my family would sometimes go out to Egmont Key (or one of the other islands in the Tampa Bay area) for part of the day. In sheltered water we would anchor the boat and float the stern toward shore. A line would be taken ashore to hold the boat. The problem was always that line. It never seemed to want to hold. Among the items being sold these days to pet owners is a "claw pet tie-down." It is a folding device with three legs that have a ten" "claw" at the end of each leg. The idea is that no matter which way the dog pulls, one or two of the

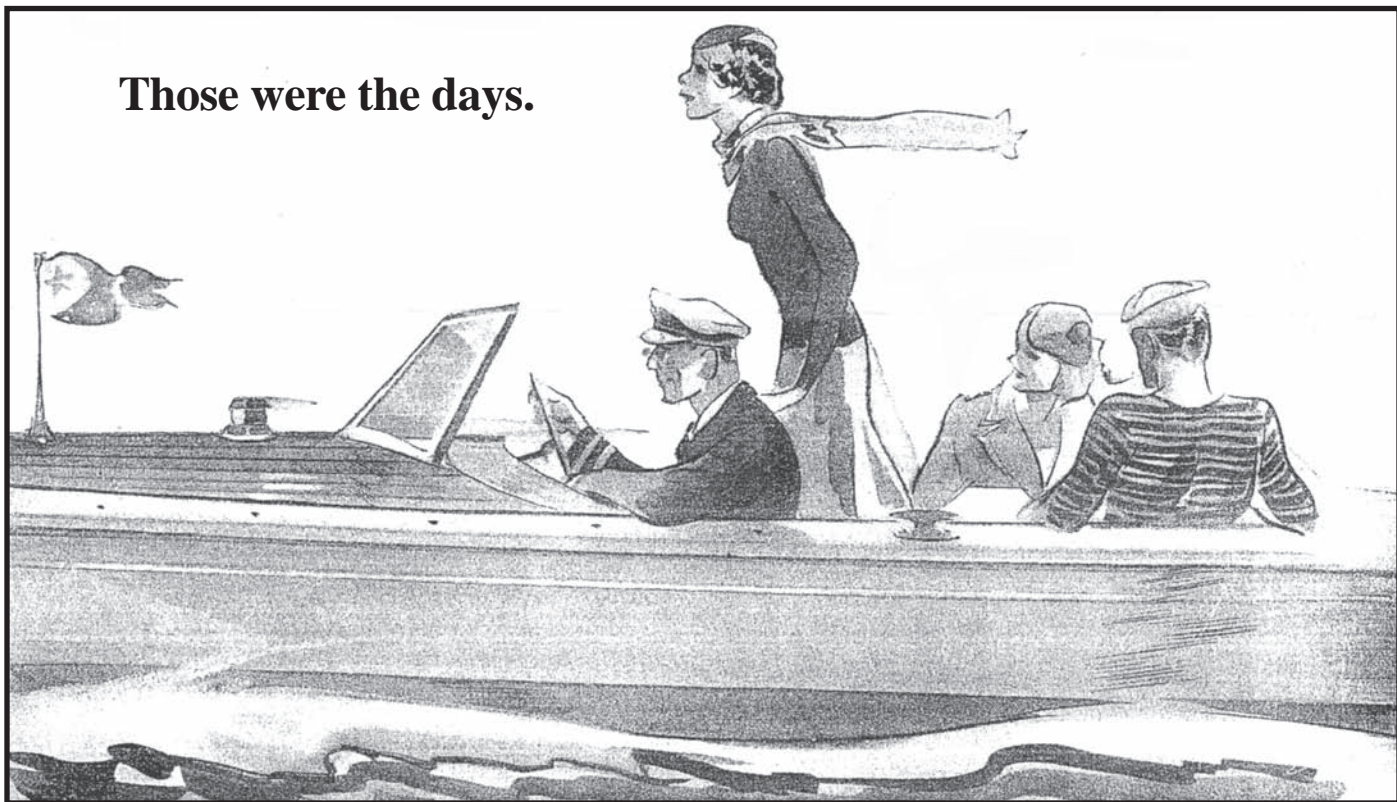
claws will hold. Such a device would have probably taken care of the line to shore holding the boat when anchored off the beach.

I had a package of two-part patching material that was "sort of old." I emailed the manufacturer and received a response that the official shelf life was two years but it may be good for longer than that time period. Since the material was probably ten years old, I decided to put it with my hazardous materials for later disposal. I emailed the manufacturer's representative who answered my initial question to that effect and received back the idea of mixing the material, letting it harden, and then throwing the results away in the garbage as it would not longer have any active chemical components. I opened the packages to mix the ingredients only to find one part was solid. The catalyst will go in the hazardous materials collection.

Advertisements for gear and treatments for the boat can be interesting reading. I do not have a need for a remote control valve for my boat's raw water intake, but there is one designed to open when the key is turned on to start the engine and shut when the engine is turned off (or one can operate it manually). Then there is a new water-based surface cleaner and degreaser that is non-toxic and non-flammable. Another product being advertised is a two-component polyurethane for interior areas that does not require extra ventilation of the area when being applied.

The "good news, bad news" idea has been around longer than I thought. It seems that in 1805 Lieutenant John Lapenotière, captain of *HMS Pickle*, delivered the dispatches from Vice Admiral Cuthbert Collingwood following the Battle of Trafalgar to the Secretary of the Admiralty Board. It is reported that as he handed over the dispatches he said, "Sir, we have gained a great victory. But we have lost Lord Nelson." ("Trafalgar's Last Chapter: *HMS Pickle's* Moment in History", Joseph F. Callo, *Sea History*, Autumn, 2010, pp. 38-39).

Those were the days.



Schooner Rising

From Burnham Boatyard Blog



Our November cover pictured Harold Burnham's current project in traditional wooden boatbuilding, the schooner *Ardelle*, rising on her keel outdoors in his Essex, Massachusetts, boatyard. Construction will be ongoing throughout the coming winter and so I decided to bring you scenes of the monthly progress in upcoming issues. Herewith the first installment.



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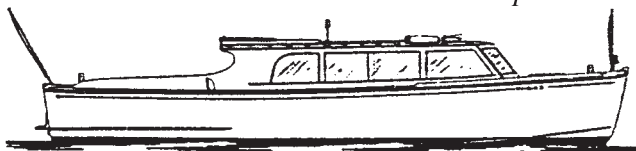
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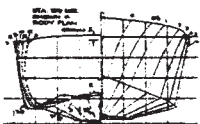
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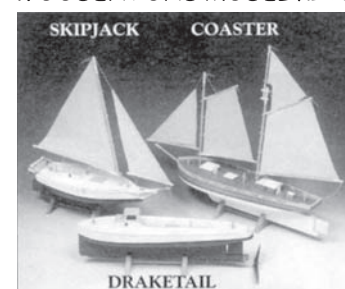
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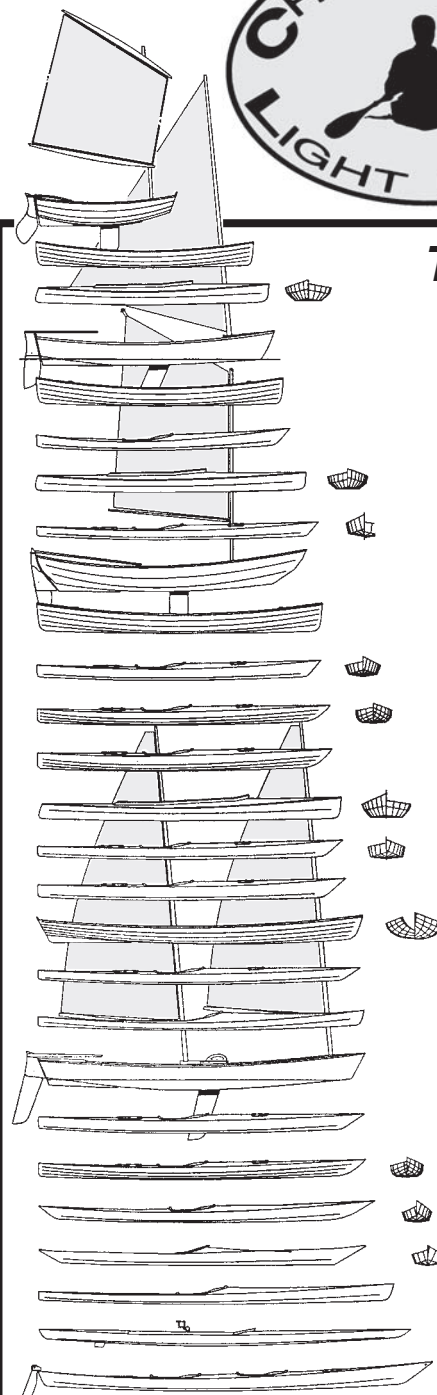
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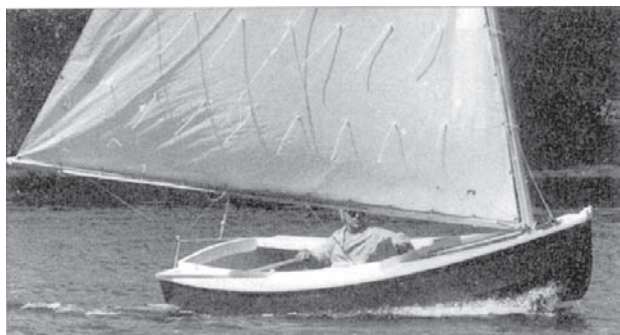
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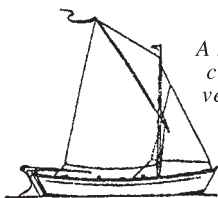
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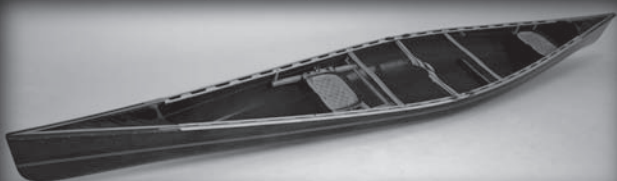
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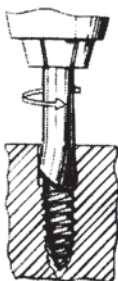
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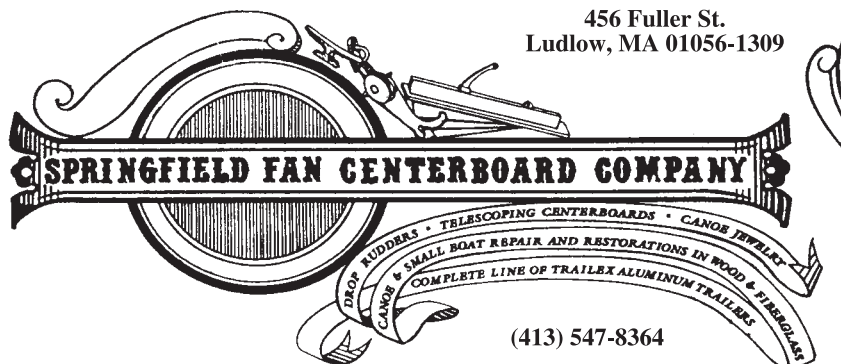
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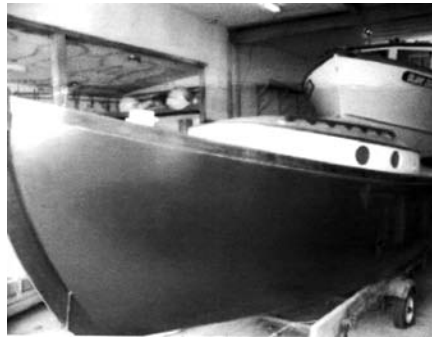
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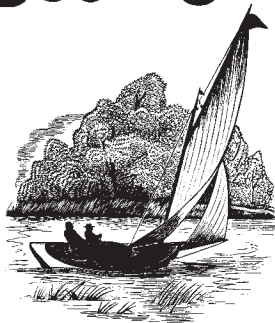
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"The sea was angry that day...."

Actually, the sea was just being playful. Tiger and bear cubs can also be playful.....and in all three cases, you'd better be careful. This photo was taken this past summer, off the coast of Martha's Vineyard as a storm was coming in. (It was actually taken off of South Beach, for those who know the area.)

David had brought one of our 14ft Vermont Fishing Dorries down for the family's vacation. More specifically, David had brought the boat down so his nephew, Simon, could take the boat out into the ocean. Simon had been an admirer of the boats for years, he'd even helped out at a few boat shows. But the ocean would bedifferent.

The photo was taken after a series of mishaps getting the boat through the surf. It shows Simon taking Emily for a spin. As Paul Harvey might have said, if you would like to see the rest of the story , you'll have to go to www.adirondack-guide-boat.com/simon.html

This is a hidden page, just for Messers....anyone can see it....but only Messers will know to look. Trust us, you will find the photos amusing.



Upcoming Shows

Dec 2-5 St Petersburg FL Boat Show **	Jan 27-30 Baltimore Boat Show, MD
Jan 13-16, Atlanta Boat Show, Atlanta, GA	Jan 28-30 Hartford Boat Show, Hartford, CT
Jan 19-23 National Boat Show, NY, NY	Feb 17-21 Miami Boat Show, Miami, FL

** denotes boats in the water